TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS POSSIBLE SEQUEL TO INDUSTRIAL DISPUTE

JUDGE RUSHES ADAMSON LAW TO HIGH COURT

Expresses Belief in Unconstitutionality — Action Is Desired Before January 1.

The Adamson eight-hour law, hurried through the last congress to prevent a railroad strike, is now in the supreme court of the United States.

An injunction proceeding against the measure, brought on Tuesday of last week before Federal Judge Hook at Kansas City, by the receivers of the Missouri, Oklahoma & Gulf railroad, forced a speedy decision by that court against the law, which Judge Hook declared could not be sustained. This is equivalent to declaring the law unconstitutional. These receivers are appointees of Judge Hook.

Judge Hook allowed the defendant government an appeal in open court which, it is expected, will result in a final decision by the supreme court of the United States before January 1, the date on which the law was to be made operative.

Apparently both sides consider the case as a means of hastening a decision by the supreme court, which is the final arbiter. Frank Hagerman, special counsel for the government, gave notice of an appeal.

Judge Hook instructed Arthur Miller, as attorney for the receivers, to invite representatives of every railroad in the United States to participate in the supreme court proceedings, to the end that the case which has caused numerous suits throughout the United States shall be settled once and for all.

To safeguard the interests of the railroad employes should the court's decree not be sustained by the supreme court, Judge Hook directed his receivers as plaintiffs to "keep their act and be prepared promptly to pay their employes on the basis of the Adamson law."

Wants Federal Commission.

Federal incorporation and regulation of railroads were two big points urged before the joint congressional investigating committee Saturday, by A. P. Thom, general counsel for the railway executives' advisory committee.

Other principles which the railroads believe should be incorporated in new laws for their treatment, as outlined by Mr. Thom were:

1—Government supervision of the issue of interstate carrier securities.

2—Reorganization of the interstate commerce commission, which should be empowered to prescribe minimum rates.

3—Creatin of a new federal railroad commission and reginal commission subordinate to it.

4—Reduction of the time of rate suspensions by the interstate commerce commission from 10 months to 60 days from the time the tariff is filed.

Explaining his proposal of federal incorporation and regulation, Mr. Thom said federal regulation would not invade the rights of the states, but would merely carry out the express purpose of the constitution, leaving the state commissions to occupy a large field of usefulness. He thought by vesting the regulatory powers solely in the federal government the railroad question would be removed from the influence of local politics and policies.

"It would furnish," said Mr. Thom, "a surer basis for the confidence of the investing public, because more reliance could be put upon the judgment of the whole nation as affecting a matter of nation-wide consequence, than could be placed in the varying judgment of different local authorities, but it will be necessary to go much further than merely simplifying and concentrating regulation."

Sees Government Ownership.

Earlier in the week Mr. Thom told the Newlands committee that unless the present system of railroad control is reformed, government ownership of the entire railroad systems of the country is inevitable.

"The growth of the country is dependent upon increased railroad facilities," he said. "The government must aid in securing the funds necessary for expansion."

He declared that the government has limited and restricted the service and incomes of railroads without taking any steps to help them meet the increased expenses.

Counsel Thom referred to the recent freight embargoes imposed by the railroads and the present shortage of freight cars to prove that the railroad facilities of the country are far from adequate to care for the needs of the people. He declared "the cost of living is daily advancing owing to a shortage of supply which might be remedied by securing access to new areas of production," and less construction was done in the past year than at any time since the Civil war. He outlined conditions restricting railroad credit, as follows:

"Railroad revenues are not controlled by investors, but are fixed and limited by several branches of governmental authority which do not recognize responsibility for assured results to investors.

"The present system of regulation is based on a policy of repression and correction and not on a policy of helpfulness and encouragement.

"The outstanding obligations of the railroads have already exceeded the financial rule of safety.

"The investor must accept securities with no assurance of a surplus of earnings.

"The railroad business is largely controlled by political instead of business considerations.

"We may debate about what has caused the present conditions," said Mr. Thom, "but we cannot debate about what the people need. If the public is not assured of adequate railroad service, the question of what are sometimes termed rights' is not involved, for such a situation would necessarily mean either larger and better national regulation or government ownership. If the regulation of transportation facilities privately owned should fail, government ownership must follow, and then all power of the states over the railroads would disappear."

BIG FIGURES IN GREAT EIGHT-HOUR DAY CONTROVERSY

Lines in the great legal battle between almost a million organized railroad workers on one side and the organized power of railroad capital on the other are rapidly drawing close, with the legality of the Adamson eight-hour day as the immediate issue. And here are the men who will figure most prominently in what promises to be one of the greatest and most historic legal battles in the history of industrialism in America.

Representative W. C. Adamson of Georgia, chairman of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce, is the father of the Adamson act making an eight-hour day compulsory on the railroads of the country, and which act is generally credited, besides having prevented a general strike of railroad workers, with having done much to re-elect President Wilson.

Senator Francis Newlands of Nevada, is presiding over the hearings of the joint committee of congress authorized to investigate existing railroad conditions. He announced at the opening session that the wage question would be thoroughly investigated in order that congress might substitute for "brute force and strikes, the most barbaric and brutal of processes, lawful and orderly methods of arranging differences between men and managers."

Samuel Rea is president of the Pennsylvania railroad and one of the leaders among the railroad managers who are contesting the legality of the Adamson law.

W. S. Carter and Warren S. Stone are two of the leading four chiefs of the railroad brotherhoods. These two, together with W. H. Lee and L. E. Sheppard, the four chiefs, brought about the enactment of the Adamson law shortly before President Wilson's re-election, by taking a vote of railroad men, which resulted in a decision to strike on all the railroads unless an eight-hour day was obtained.

R-R BROTHERHOODS AND AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR IN HARMONY

"Organized labor in the coming legal battle over the eight-hour law, is going to remain an interested spectator on the side line and watch the railroads fight the government under which they live."

This was the stand of the great brotherhoods, as outlined in Baltimore by Warren S. Stone, head of the engineers, in an impassioned plea to the American Federation of Labor. Stone was followed by his colleagues—Shepard of the conductors, Carter of the firemen and Lee of the trainmen, who upheld unequivocally the stand outlined by Stone.

There was no hint of strike in the event the railroads succeeded in tying up the operation of the Adamson law contained in any of the speeches.

"But the time has come, Stone said, when the railroads, instead of labor, are on the defensive," he declared. "We have great faith that the man in the White House will see that we get what was given us voluntarily."

Stone accused the railroads of seeking to bankrupt labor by starting "three thousand injunction suits throughout the country.

"They thought," said Stone, "that we would have to hire three thousand lawyers to contest these suits. But we're going to fool 'em. We're going to watch the railroads fight the government under which they live."

Organized labor, Stone said, stands united in this crisis, and the 500 delegates yelled their approval.

"Our interests are common," he declared. "The time has long since passed when one class of labor can succeed if other classes are not succeeding."

For the first time in the history of the organized labor movement, the various factions stand united on a given policy. The upshot of the meeting probably will be the bringing of all labor's forces under the standard of the American Federation of Labor.

Heads of the four great railroad brotherhoods—last of the "big boys" outside the fold, came to the Federation convention with olive branch extended in one hand and the other outstretched to grasp a similar branch held out to them by Samuel Gompers.

The weight which the proposed amalgamation will throw into the scales against the railroads is tremendous. Approximately 400,000 railroad workers are already affiliated with the federation. The membership of the brotherhood is roughly estimated at about the same figures.

Before adjourning the Baltimore convention Saturday, the Federation of Labor went on record against the spirit of militarism. The report of a special committee was adopted unanimously.

"The American trades union movement is convinced by the experience of mankind," says the report, "that militarism even in its less horrid manifestations brutalizes those influenced by the spirit of the institution.

"The child's immature and impressionable mind must not be taught to think, except with horror, upon the killing of human beings. To arouse the thought that any of their school hours are devoted to preparation for the use of arms against their fellow men is to brutalize their instincts and subvert the effects of the necessary lessons of humanity, peace and good will, which it is the duty of our public schools to impress upon them."

President Samuel Gompers and all other officers of the Federation were re-elected.

U. S. TO QUIT MEXICO IN 40 DAYS, AGREED

American Government Reserves Right to Pursue Bandits—Mexicans to Help Protect Border.

While Villa and his bandits were hammering at the de facto troops in northern Mexico last week, the situation between the United States and the Carranza government was cleared up to a great extent. After three months of deliberation the deadlock in the joint conference between Mexican and American representatives at Atlantic City was broken and an agreement was reached by the commissioners on Nov. 24.

The main feature of the agreement was that the United States agrees to quit Mexico in 40 days, but reserves the right to pursue the bandits across the border. At one time it was thought the commission would never be able to agree as Cabrera, chairman of the Mexican commissioners, apparently was in a mood hostile to any settlement of the question. The agreement provides:

1—For withdrawal from Mexico of the punitive expedition, within 40 days of approval by both governments of the agreement. Provision is made that the time may be extended if conditions in Northern Mexico constitute a menace to United States soil. Details of withdrawal are left to General Pershing.

2—That United States troops, thereafter, shall patrol their side of the border, and Mexican troops theirs, to guard against raids. Co-operation between both forces, in case of necessity, is provided.

3—It shall be left to the commanding officers of the armies on the border of both nations to enter into such arrangements for co-operation in operations against bandits whenever it is possible.

Two Courses Open.

The agreement was reached after 12 weeks of deliberation. The question of a loan was not brought up.

President Wilson has sanctioned its terms, but now Carranza must do so. Senor Pani has left New York, and, probably, will be in conference with General Carranza the last of this week. The commission will reconvene Dec. 8.

If the agreement is not accepted by First Chief Carranza, two courses of action are open to the United States, intervention or the withdrawal of the recognition of the de facto government.

Will Reform Mexico.

Secretary of the Interior Lane, chairman of the American delegation, before leaving for Washington, said:

The policy of the United States in Mexico is not to be stated in a phrase or in any protocols. We are to come out of Mexico as soon as we can "decently and in order," and because we have other use for our troops. But this is only a beginning of a policy which will make a Mexico that we can live with.

The border troubles are only symptoms. Mexico needs system treatment, not symptom treatment. She can give it to herself, and we hope she will.

We will help her get into good shape if she can understand that we mean to be her friend.

Carranza is a strong man, I believe. His career shows that, and his followers admire him to reverence. He is to be given a full chance, and we shall uphold him if he is sensible of the duties of his nation to the other nations.

The lives of our nationals in Mexico, and other nations, must be made secure.

GERMANS SAVE GROUNDS OF COFFEE FOR CATTLE FEED

All the administrations of German military hospitals and prison kitchens have received an order to collect the grounds of coffee, which will be dried and, after scientific treatment, used as fodder for cattle, etc. Other extracts from dried coffee grounds, it is added, can be used for human food.

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BURROUGHS AND CURWOOD FOR THRILLS

The Son of Tarzan Page Three

NEW RULER REIGNS OVER AUSTRIA NOW

FRANCIS JOSEPH DIES; SUCCEEDED BY HIS NEPHEW

Emperor, Aged 86, Passes Away After Long Reign Replete With Troubles of Unhappy Hapsburgs.

The death of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, 86 years years old, on Nov. 21, resulted in the proclaiming of Charles Francis Joseph as emperor of Austria and king of Hungary. The emperor's death, in the midst of the war, after a reign of 68 years, has caused a profound sensation throughout Europe. Vienna dispatches said that the change of rulers will have no effect on the political or military situations of the German allies.

The end was peaceful, the aged monarch passing away as though sinking into sleep. Among those in the death chamber at Schoenbrunn castle was the heir apparent, Archduke Charles Francis Joseph.

Pneumonia Developed.

The emperor had been suffering from a bronchial inflammation, but pneumonia developed and suddenly reached a critical stage, and on the day of his death, from 6 o'clock on the chances of the patient surviving grew slimmer.

The extraordinary powers of resistance displayed by the Austrian emperor in repeated rather serious illnesses affecting his respiratory organs during recent years, as well as the devotion and skill of his medical attendants, caused the hope to be entertained with the emperor's entourage and the people of the monarchy that his majesty would get over this last illness, which began in the first 10 days of November.

Apparently, from the bulletins which gave the unvarnished truth about the emperor's condition, he continued his usual mode of life and occupation right up to Nov. 21, but he overtaxed his powers in persisting, despite a rising temperature and irritating cough, in receiving the usual daily reports. He also gave long audiences, during which he spoke much.

From Nov. 18 the appetite of the emperor decreased. On that day he drank as a tonic a glass of strong white wine and two small glasses of champagne, and smoked his usual cigar.

Life One Long Tragedy.

With Emperor Francis Joseph passes the world's oldest monarch, a man whose life was one continuous tragedy, which was to end in the greatest tragedy of all time, the present war.

Francis Joseph was really beloved by his people, who comprised half a score of races. They found in him the cement which held together the state structure of Austria-Hungary.

To the very last the emperor, who had no conception of the value of money, spent prodigious sums in charity, never overlooking any of the many old men and women who used to come to Schoenbrunn Park to receive alms.

Despite his tendency to spend lavishly, the emperor was exceedingly painstaking in making a note of alms, for instance, on any scrap of paper he had about him.

Archduke Charles, or Carl, to give the German spelling of his name as it appears in the war office reports, is popular, especially in military circles. He is 29 years old, and fell heir to the throne upon the assassination of Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo. For a time he commanded an army group on the eastern front. Then he was in command of important operations on the Italian front. At present he is in command of an army group operating against the Rumanians.

London newspapers, in commenting on the death of the aged Austrian emperor, predict that it will increase Germany's influence over Austro-Hungarian affairs.

The Daily Mail says that "Emperor Francis Joseph has been politically defunct for two years." It continues: "In the present war he played a very insignificant part. The initial disasters which befell Austria weighed heavily upon him."

The Daily Mail believes that, if the emperor had been in robust health, he would not have consented to the war. All papers dwell upon the tragic circumstances which have marked the long reign of the dead emperor.

It is believed in some circles that the death of Francis Joseph may hasten the end of the war, but this belief is far from general.

NON-STOP AIR JOURNEY OF 501 MILES IS MADE

MISS RUTH LAW BEATS RECORD SET BY VICTOR CARLSTROM IN AEROPLANE.

Victor Carlstrom's non-stop record in an aeroplane has been bettered by about 100 miles by Miss Ruth Law who made 501 miles in an airline from Chicago to Hornell, N. Y., recently without stopping. This record made during her Chicago to New York trip makes her the first among woman aviators and second, counting men as her rivals. The last lap of her journey to New York City was made at an average speed of about 100 miles an hour.

The record for non-stop flights is:

First—French Sub-Lieutenant A. Marchal, from Nancy, France, to Cholm, Poland, 812.5 miles.

Second—Miss Ruth Law, from Chicago to Hornell, N. Y., 501 miles.

In addition Miss Law holds the American cross-country non-stop record, the greatest previous mileage having been made by Victor Carlstrom in his recent flight of 452 miles from Chicago to Erie, Pa

$600,000 SPENT AIDING FAMILIES OF GUARDS

U. S. GOVERNMENT IS NOW GIVING RELIEF TO 12,000 HOMES OF MILITIAMEN.

The war department, up to date, has spent $600,000 of the $2,000,000 appropriated by congress to aid the families of national guard troops, stationed on the border.

Aid is being extended to 12,000 families, and applications for aid are being received by depot quartermasters at the rate of 100 a day.

Should the present rate of disbursement be maintained the entire fund will have been depleted by Jan. 15. It will be necessary for the department to suspend payment at that time unless another appropriation is made.

Bear Discriminating

The shark scare of the summer at Sound Beach, Conn., has given way to a bear scare, since a big bear began terrifying women and children.

AUSTRIA'S NEW EMPEROR

CHARLES FRANCIS JOSEPH.

Entente Allies Have to Fight, Until Germany's on Her Knees According to Noted Preacher

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BY FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN

IT seems to me England has passed through three stages in her appreciation of the real meaning of this slaughter of the human race, euphemistically called warfare.

In its first stage, she felt she was fighting for her national interests, the highest of which was her national honor—her pledged word to recognize and maintain the integrity, autonomy and independence of Belgium.

Then it came down upon England that the fight was not merely for national honor, but for national existence itself. She began to realize that the aggressive and arrogant foe with whom she had come to grips was scheming and campaigning, not only to storm Paris and capture Petrograd, but to invade England and raid London.

England was to be the kaiser's coaling station!

Finally England began to wake up to the real inner meaning and significance of the life-and-death struggle, to which she had committed herself and her people.

I think I may say that all of us, without exception of rank, creed or policies, have had at least to face the awful reality that England's sword has been drawn, not to defend national claims only, but international rights also.

In other words, the allies, from Petrograd to Rome, and from Rome to Paris and from Paris to London, are linked together, resolved never to sheath the sword or silence guns, or cry, "Hold, enough!" till they are in a position not only to come to terms with the enemy, but, on the contrary, to dictate their own terms to him.

You cannot make terms with an enemy who has no respect for his own word of honor; you cannot come to terms with him when he makes it his proud boast that for him "Might is right!" and that warfare, when it suits him, is a "biological necessity" and "the religion of value."

With an enemy such as we are fighting we must impose conditions of peace which shall secure to Europe and to Christian civilization the right to live long years of peace and prosperity, without the everlasting menace of invasion by an enemy who claims it to be his divine mission to make his own what belongs to another, leaving "frightfulness" as a trademark of his bloody business, no matter where he has planted his iron heel.

Our splendidly equipped and indomitable British army is winning from all the world the encomiums is has so deservedly merited, and we may rest assured that these brave and daring fellows will not return from the firing lines till they have achieved what they had set out to do—to defeat the enemy so certainly, securely and completely that even he shall be compelled to acknowledge, with hands up, that he has been beaten all along the fighting line, and is prepared to accept whatever terms of peace may be offered.

Unless the allies are resolved to fight on till victory is theirs it were better they had never fought at all.

Peace short of a fight to a finish would mean an armed truce till the enemy was prepared once more to shout "World conquest or death."

God avert such a catastrophe to Europe again!

BRITANNIC SUNK IN AEGEAN SEA; ABOUT 50 LOST

Third Huge Vessel to Go to Bottom of Sea When British Hospital Ship Meets Disaster.

The sinking of the British hospital steamship Britannic in the Aegean sea on Nov. 22 added to the list of monster vessels which have gone to the bottom of the ocean in recent years. The Titanic and the Lusitania, both gigantic ships, preceded the Britannic to the floor of the sea.

According to the official London announcement made soon after the sinking, a mine or torpedo was the cause. The loss of lives was estimated at 50, the remainder of the 1,200 aboard surviving. The point where the mighty ship was lost was in Zeea channel, a stretch of water off Zeea Island, one of the isles comprised in the Grecian archipelago. The fact that the hospital ship was near land probably accounted for the fact that the loss of life was not higher.

The Aegean has been mined by the allies and numerous German and Austrian submarines have been sighted there. Only recently there was a burst of submarine activity in the Aegean near the Grecian coast.

The Britannic was to have plied in the Atlantic trade between British ports and New York. As soon as she was completed she was taken from the Harland & Wolff shipyards in Belfast to the Mersey river, where she was anchored near Liverpool. She was then fitted up as a hospital ship for the treatment of British wounded from all fronts. When the fighting in Macedonia became heavy and the British losses began to grow, it was decided to send the Britannic into Greek waters.

Accordingly she was sent to Salonika. She flew the Red Cross flag and also bore the signal stamps of a hospital ship.

Biggest of Fleet.

The White Star liner Britannic was the largest vessel of the White Star fleet afloat. Built in 1914 at Belfast, the ship was 852 feet long, 94 feet beam and 59 feet depth. The length was somewhat less than that of the White Star liner Olympic, which measured 888½ feet, but the Britannic had the greater tonnage, the Olympic being 46,300 tons as compared with the Britannic's 47,500.

The sinking of the Britannic makes the third vessel of the larger type of ocean liners to be lost since the building of giant passenger-carrying ships for transAtlantic trade began. The first was the Titanic, sunk on its maiden trip to New York by striking an iceberg. Then came the torpedoing of the Cunard liner Lusitania off the Irish coast.

Six Big Ships Left.

Maritime records show there are now left six of the big vessels registering over 31,000 tons which were plying the Atlantic before the war or were at that time about ready for service. Of these six, two are owned by Germans, the Vaterland (54,282 tons) and the Imperator (51,969 tons.) The others are the Cunard liners Aquitania (45,647 tons) and Mauretania (31,938 tons,) the White Star liner Olympic (46,359 tons) and the Statendam, built in England.

NEW U. S. WARSHIPS CARRY LARGEST GUNS

Battleships authorized this year will carry the most powerful guns in existence. Rear Admiral Strauss, chief of ordnance, told the house naval committee, last week, he expected to complete and prove a 16-inch 50-caliber gun next year.

SHORT ENDS OF NEWS

The report that this government soon will take some step formally to urge peace in Europe was emphasized last week by a long conference between President Wilson and the Swiss minister.

Alexander Trepoff, Russian minister of railways, has been appointed premier, succeeding M. Sturmer.

According to an Italian newspaper, British naval forces recently captured a large German submarine. A British mine sweeper landed part of the German crew at an Italian port.

Russia has announced officially the loss of the dreadnaught Imperatritsa Maria, the vessel being sunk by an internal explosion.

Another merchant submarine of the type of the Deutschland is expected in New London, Conn., soon, as the officers of the Eastern Forwarding Company are collecting another cargo similar to the one the Deutschland carried.

The federal trade commission has announced that its inquiry into the high cost of news print has developed that there is no shortage of Canadian print paper.

London has become panicky on Germany's submarine warfare. Two papers are now attacking the admiralty and demanding the resignation of A. J. Balfour, first lord of admiralty.

It is announced in Washington that James E. Osborne, assistant secretary of state, will resign.

The French cabinet has decided to issue a decree proclaiming two meatless days a wek on account of the shortage of food.

The allocation which Pope Benedict will deliver at the secret consistory on Dec. 4 will be the most fervent appeal for peace from the vatican since the war began.

According to a Berlin report last week, Gottlieb von Jagow, German minister of foreign affairs, has resigned. The reason given is ill health.

The Swiss government has decided not to recognize the kingdom of Poland at present.

Twenty unexploded bombs were found in the sugar cargo of the American steamship Sarnia upon her arrival at Cherbourg, France.

In spite of the rumors that all national guardsmen now on the border are to be sent home soon, General Funston has ordered the erection of winter cantonments at all border stations.

Senator Chamberlain of Oregon has announced that he will introduce at the coming session of congress a constitutional amendment providing for the election of president by direct vote of the people.

Minnesota voters at the last election failed to approve a proposed provision for the initiative and referendum.

J. P. Morgan & Co. has received word that gold shipmens to this country for account of the British treasury had been resumed.

John D. Archbold, president of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, was operated on for appendicitis last week.

Miss Jeannette Rankin of Montana, who was elected to congress on the Republican ticket, spent $687.70 on her campaign.

Miss Anna A. Gordon of Illinois was re-elected president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union last week at its national convention.

Thousands of British war widows and their children are to be transported to Canada with the expectation that many of the women will be married to Canadian farmers.

Holders of some of the largest wagers made in Wall street on the presidential election began paying the debts off last week upon the assumption that there was no doubt President Wilson had been re-elected.

The federal probe into the advance in food cost was started in Chicago last week. Government agents say cold storage plants are gorged with stores.

The house naval affairs committee began last week the consideration of next year's naval program.

Reports were circulated last week that Secretary of Treasury McAdoo would retire at the end of this administrative term, but Mr. McAdoo denied them.

In the gossip concerning possible cabinet changes, Victor Murdock, former Progressive leader in Kansas, who supported President Wilson, is mentioned for postmaster general or secretary of interior.

The Scandinavian liner Stockholm, arriving in New York last week, reported that British authorities removed all the ship's mail at Kirkwall.

TRAGEDIES OF EMPEROR OF SORROWS AND CURSE THAT'S BLAMED FOR THEM

His wife, "the good Elizabeth," was assassinated in Switzerland by an anarchist.

His brother Maximilian was executed in Mexico.

His only son, Rudolph, was a suicide.

His sister-in-law, the Duchess d'Alencon, was burned to death at a charity bazaar in Paris.

His favorite grandchild married against his wishes and her love ended in the shooting of her rival.

The heir presumptive to the throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated, bringing on the general European war of 1914.

Franz Josef has been called the "Emperor of Sorrows" because of the long record of tragedies that attended his reign. The curse of the Hapsburgs haunted him in his declining years. Of all the figures in contemporary history his was at once one of the most magnificent and the most pathetic. With a long and eventful life behind him, a life overcast by disasters that would have unseated a feebler ruler, and saddened by sorrows that would have wrecked a weaker man, in the evening of his days he bore the burden of the dual crown unbowed.

His was the proudest house in Europe and his the most solitary and isolated of all royal lives.

THE CURSE.

There were many who said that the unprecedented list of family disasters that attended his life was due to a curse that hung over the house of Hapsburg, uttered by the aged Countess Karolyi, whose son was put to death for participating in the Hungarian uprising.

In 1867, the year that he became the crowned king of Hungary after an era of bloody repression had put down a patriotic revolt, Francis Joseph attended a great ball in connection with the coronation festivities. Into the ballroom crowded with the highest dignitaries of his court there rushed a broken-hearted woman, mother of the young Count Karolyi, who had fallen among the victims. Straight up to the emperor she strode, and while the panic-stricken courtiers stood spellbound, she flung at him this mother's curse:

"May Heaven and Hell blast your happiness! May your family be exterminated! May you be smitten in the persons of those you best love! May your children be brought to ruin and may your life be wrecked, and yet may you live on in lonely unbroken and horrible grief to tremble when you recall the name of Karolyi!"

Falling unconscious at the feet of the emperor, the grief-stricken woman was carried out to die.

EXPLAINS RISING COST OF LIVING

Economist Lays It Chiefly to Growth of Cities, in His New Book.

"The building and improvement of country roads is of more importance to the United States than the construction of the Panama canal," declares Prof. Edwin G. Nourse, head of the economics department at the University of Arkansas, in his book, "Agricultural Economics," which has come from the University of Chicago Press. Prof. Nourse blames the high cost of living upon the farmers' sons and daughters who deserted the farm in order to acquire wealth in large cities.

"Much of the recent talk of high cost of living and investigation of city marketing is an expression of the fact that we are already pressing against the barriers to further concentration of population," writes Prof. Nourse. "City growth has unquestionably played a great part in the advance of the cost of living. The great bulk of the population has been transferred from the ranks of food producers in the country to the class of food consumers in the cities, and this at the same time has increased enormously the difficulty of distributing the food supply. Everybody knows the growing practice of living from hand to mouth and buying in small quantities, which are inevitable temptations to spend and waste."

In the opinion of the economist the modern farmer is no longer the man who is content to walk behind a plow and who saw no further than the store that bought his produce.

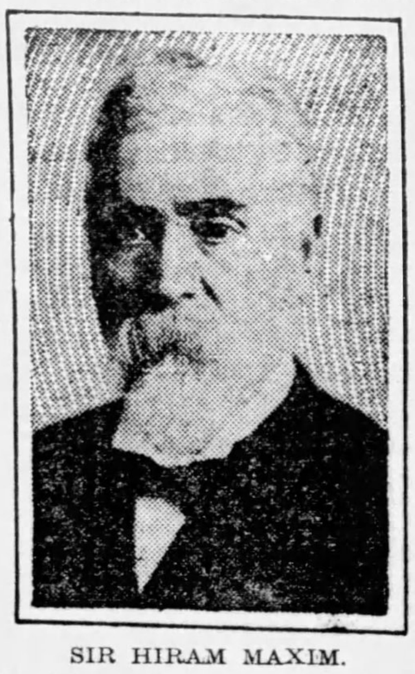
"Today the farmer finds himself swept into the maelstrom of commercial competition, and he must add salesmanship, cost accounting and scientific management to his list of physical qualifications, if he is to make his work a success." Prof. Nourse protests against the wanton waste in which the farmer of America indulges, and advocates a system of government supervision, if the farmer will not supervise himself. America, unlike Germany, is unprepared with foodstuffs for war.

"In Germany the economic art of agriculture has not been concerned primarily with securing a large return to the farmer, but a canny eye has been kept upon the exigencies of possible war and the need of having the country able to feed itself in such a crisis.

Thinks He's a Squirrel

Discarding clothes, a Nyack, N. Y., man who had escaped from an institution, climbed a tree and remained in the topmost branches for 20 hours.

Inventor of Maxim Automatic Gun Dead



SIR HIRAM MAXIM.

Sir Hiram Maxim, famous American inventor, died in London on Nov. 24, aged 76. He was the inventor of the automatic machine gun, smokeless powder and the Maxim silencer. Sir Hiram was born in Sangerville, Maine, but lived in Europe for many years.

BRITAIN OPEN TO ANY PEACE BIDS

Lord Derby Asserts That German Proposals Will Get Attention They Merit.

"Any peace proposals from Germany will receive the consideration they deserve," said the Earl of Derby, under secretary of war, in response to an inquiry regarding the attitude of the entente allies.

"The allies," continued Lord Derby, "cannot entertain an idea of peace which does not give them what they are fighting for. The allies have not modified their position in this respect." When asked his opinion as to the probable duration of the war in the light of recent events, Lord Dery said:

"Only a fool would prophesy. I believe anyone who understands the temper of the British people will agree with me that they have shown no signs of weakening, but on the contrary are growing more determined to continue the war to a satisfactory conclusion. On the other hand the Germans appear equally determined.

NO HOME RULE, ENGLAND'S PLAN

Red Book on Dublin Uprising Charges British Intended to Break Promise.

That the British government never intended to give home rule to Ireland, is the flat charge made in a "Red Book" on the Dublin uprising which has appeared in Rome anonymously. Most of the copies are being presented to high prelates of the Roman Catholic church.

There are many guesses made as to the identity of the author. One is that he is an Irish prelate, and that he took this opportunity of giving Pope Benedict XV. a chance to read in Latin certain documents upon the Irish question that have already been printed in the English press. The document traces the history of the Sinn Fein revolution.

The Red Book says that the English government never intended to keep its promises to Ireland, but made pretensions to stimulate recruiting. This was shown, it states, by the fact that Sir Edward Carson, chief opponent of home rule in Ireland, was given a portfolio in the coalition government.

The British government is accused also of failure to give Irish soldiers a square deal. The Irish brigade was said to have made most of the sacrifices at the Dardanelles although the credit was given to the Australian and New Zealand troops.

As to the events accompanying the fighting in Dublin, the author says:

"I have a long list of specific cases which prove that English soldiers broke into several Dublin homes and shot without cause, except perhaps their instinctive craving for blood of the dwellers. I will mention the case of a private house into which the soldiers broke, killed several men who had nothing to do with the revolution and buried the bodies in the back yard."

THIS INDIAN OWNER OF 30,000 ACRES OF LAND

LOUIS AGARD, HALF BREED, PROBABLY RICHEST REDSKIN IN NORTHWEST.

Owner of 30,000 acres of rich South Dakota land and so many cattle that he makes no effort to keep count on them, Louis Agard, probably the richest Indian in the northwest, is not much interested whether cash wheat goes to $2 or $10. Mr. Agard is a great deal more interested in the cattle trade than he is in the wheat market, and when he disposed of a load of stock calves recently, at a record price, the South Dakota Indian pronounced it "a good market," and said his "hunch was right." But any effort to make his hands itch for some $1.81 wheat money was unavailing.

"Nothing to this wheat farming," said Agard emphatically. "I raise just enough for feed and no more. Cattle is the business. I have been raising cattle for 27 years, and I guess I am entitled to own some land. Part of it is in allotments, but most of it I bought. I was born and raised in the Standing Rock reservation."

Recently Agard sold an entire section of land within the city limits of McIntosh, South Dakota. He still owns considerable property in that town.

As near as he can figure he owns 19 quarter sections of land, all in one bunch, on the reservation. He has about seven miles of his land fenced.

A load of stock calves brought $10 a hundred-weight, a record price for calves of that weight, 810 pounds. Stock heifers, averaging 700 pounds, earned $6.75 a hundred, while a lot of 950 cows cashed at $6 even.

MORE COMPLICATIONS ARE FEARED OVER U-BOAT WAR

As the result of Germany's conduct of submarine warfare it is the view of Berlin that a period of complications may be impending again in the German-American relations. An abundant crop of American inquiries has been made, Joseph C. Grew, the American charge at Berlin, filing no less than ten.

The informal reply of Germany to the American inquiry regarding the sinking of the steamships Rowanmore, Rievaulx Abbey, Strathtay and Antwerpen was forwarded to Washington last week. Germany regards the Rowanmore and Antwerpen cases as closed, and as no submarine commander ever reported the sinking of the other steamers, the government holds they were sunk by other agencies than U-boats.

The Rievaulx Abbey and the Strathtay were both sunk early in September, but these cases aroused no special public interest. The Strathtay was sunk in the English Channel on September 2, while bound from New York for Havre. Later the British admiralty was reported to have admitted that she was destroyed by a mine.

Case of Arabia

The Marina and Arabia cases were not answered. In the former a number of Americans seem to have been killed, while the sinking of the Arabia, the American government declares, appears to be inconsistent with the promises of the government regarding the treatment of passenger liners.

The United States bases its attitude in the case of the Arabia on the assumption that it was unarmed and torpedoed without warning, and is unable to see that there was adequate justification for forcing the passengers into the boats. Washington believes the submarine commander, on ascertaining that there were women and children on the decks, should have refrained from making an attack.

It is pointed out in Berlin, for example, that, according to the testimony of her own passengers, the Arabia was armed and used her cannon; that the sea was smooth, and that other vessels were near. It is argued that the Arabia, having on board a large number of coolie war workers, should be regarded as a transport.

Engine Toots So Hard It Toots Tooter Off

When a Bluff line engine tooted for the first time in an hour at Hettick, Mo., recently, it tooted its whistle off.

The engineer discovered the tooter was missing at the next station, five miles away, and had to back up to get it. The train was southbound and was spinning along at a pretty fair clip.

Whistling at crossings was necessary—made so by a railroad law that spelled safety for pedestrians and others.

Conductor "Dad" Jones and the passengers went whistle hunting. They found it near the tracks and it was put back where it belonged. Then the train went whistling on its way.

ALCOHOL GETS HARD RAPS IN CHICAGO ALDERMANIC MEETING

"We are in considerable peril from the idea that is being engendered in women that they must use alcohol as a medicine," former Health Commissioner William A. Evans told the Chicago aldermanic license committee when the committee took up for final action Ald. Buck's ordinance prohibiting druggists from selling liquor without a physician's perscription. "I understand that stores are springing up all around the city in surprising numbers for the special purpose of catering to women's trade in alcoholic beverages," continued Dr. Evans. "They aim to make it easy for women to buy brandy, gin and such drinks."

Not Necessary as Stimulant.

Dr. Evans was asked whether alcohol is necessary as a stimulant in emergencies. He replied:

"When I became health commissioner I found that the city ambulances were in the habit of carrying brandy. Soon afterward I saw to it that they gave up that practice. Aromatic spirits of ammonia was found to be better, and besides it had the additional advantage of not evaporating so rapidly."

"How about the use of whisky in preparing that well known old family remedy of glycerine, rock and rye?" Dr. Evans was asked.

As to "Rock and Rye."

"I am not aware that well known old remedy is at all well known under that name," retorted Dr. Evans. "'Rock and rye,' however, did have a certain vogue about 20 years ago. I remember that in the '80s the late Dr. Murphy was believed to be in some danger from consumption. Former Alderman Hildreth did not think it would be right to allow Dr. Murphy to die from tuberculosis without making some effort to save him, and he promptly laid in a stock of rock candy and rye. A little later Hildreth and Dr. Murphy went out west on a trip. They were gone quite a while and when they came back both of them were looking fine. It was generally understood that on their trip Dr. Murphy took care of the rock and 'Pa' Hildreth of the rye."

Is there any reason at all why alcoholic beverages should be permitted to be kept on sale by drug stores?" queried Ald. Norris.

Not Curative in Any Form.

"I know of none," declared Dr. Evans. "Ninety-nine per cent of the medical profession feels that there is no medical necessity for the use of alcohol in any form as a curative. So far as its use by women is concerned, alcohol not only does no good, it actually does much harm. Its sole effect is to intoxicate women to the point where they don't care much whether they are suffering or not."

Dr. Arthur R. Reynolds, for eight years commissioner of health under Mayor Harrison, spoke briefly, declaring that he agreed with Dr. Evans' views as to the uselessness of alcohol as a medicine.

PINK BOLL WEEVIL ALARMS SOUTHERN COTTON MEN

PLANTERS MUCH INTERESTED BY ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRESENCE OF PEST.

Announcement made by the United States department of agriculture that the pink boll weevil has been found in the Laguna district, Coahuila, Mexico, has created intense interest among cotton planters throughout the south.

The common boll weevil, now known by planters in the greater part of the cotton belt, also appeared first in the far southwest. Many authorities believe the pink weevil will move northeastward steadily.

The weevil now common in the south moved northeast between 50 and 60 miles a year. The past year has seen this weevil spread over more territory than ever before in a single season, as conditions were favorable for its progress. It is estimated the loss in cotton this season through the work of the weevil has been 2,000,000 bales, valued at $200,000,000.

KING GEORGE ORDERS EMPLOYES TO FRONT

The London Times reports that the king has given orders that every unmarried man of military age in his household establishments at Buckingham Place, Windsor Castle, Balmoral and Sandringham, no matter of what nature his employment, is to report himself to the military authorities for service with the colors. From the outset of the war, adds the Times, the king has set an example where military service was concerned. When war was declared he allowed as many men as could be spared to go to the front, continuing their full pay.

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Stave mills for sale. Two good nail keg stave mills complete with power, belts, everything ready to run, now stored at Newville, Pa., on Cumberland Valley railroad. Just completed sawing out timber on tract of land. $3,000 worth of machinery for $1,500 to quick buyer. Staves are in good demand. Edward L. Taylor, Williamsport, Pa.

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Colorado needs 10,000 general farmers, dairymen, stock, poultry and hog raisers; good markets, fine climate, schools, churches. Agricultural and industrial map free. Write State Board of Immigration, 51 Capitol Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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Women Want Honor of Being Fastest Dresser

Chicagoan Says She Can Dress in Just 13 Minutes.

Fast dressing records: Mrs. William G. McAdoo, 20 minutes; Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, jr., 13 minutes; Miss Violette Selfridge, changing to street dress, 5 minutes.

Chicago is not so slow. In fact, Chicago is so rapid that if Mrs. McAdoo, wife of the secretary of the treasury and daughter of the President, puts in a serious claim for honors as the world's fastest dresser, the city stands ready to contest the election and produce champions of its own.

Mrs. McAdoo announced to newspaper reporters in Dallas, Texas, recently, that she had just set a world's record by dressing in 20 minutes.

Now Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, jr., stepped up and nonchalantly, recollecting a few statistics of her own, shattered Mrs. McAdoo's mark beyond recognition, viz:

"Once upon a time," said Mrs. Harrison, "I bathed and dressed in 13 minutes. I don't think I could do it again, but I did it once. Thirty minutes is a good average period for dressing in the morning—just to dress, 20 minutes is fast time."

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FIGURES SHOWING NUMBER OF BIRDS EXISTING IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS OF U. S.

One hundred and twenty-four pairs of birds nest and raise their families on the average farm of 108 acres in the northeastern states, according to estimates based upon the second annual bird count conducted by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. In that part of the Plains region east of the 100th meridian the counts would indicate almost exactly the same density of bird population, 125 pairs of nesting birds to each 100 acres. In the southern states, where the counts were limited to the part of the farm surrounding the home, which naturally supports more birds than tilled areas, there seems to be on the farms where counts were taken 131 pairs of nesting birds to each 100 acres. The counts so far received, however, from these sections do not furnish a sufficient basis for estimating the birds on the remainder of the farm.

In the northeastern states it was estimated that the average bird population of each 100 acres of isolated woodland under observation was 199 pairs, while the average bird population for each 100 acres of the area covered was 125 pairs. The reports from the Rocky Mountain states would indicate that the bird population is smaller in this section.

The Southwest.

Three 80-acre tracts in New Mexico indicated 17 pairs to 80 acres, or 21 pairs to each 100 acres. Still farther west in the irrigated district of western Colorado two reports indicated that irrigated land in orchard and in fields of grain and root crops supported a bird population of 66 pairs per 100 acres, but on contiguous nonirrigated land the bird life shrank to five pairs for 100 acres. In Arizona a 40-acre tract containing only a few houses, and for the most part covered with desert shrubs, showed a bird population of 50 pairs of 26 species, of which 22 were insectivorous. A semi-desert tract of the same size, covered with brush mostly less than six feet high, showed 31 pairs of 16 species. In the mountains of Arizona, near Flagstaff, a tract of 70 acres covered with yellow pine and Gambel oak supported a bird population of 31 pairs of 18 species.

California and the South.

In California 20 acres of the campus of the University of California showed 87 pairs of 23 species. A tract near Gilroy, Cal., containing 30 acres of fruits and about eight acres of pasture and creek bottom, gave the unusual figure of 176 pairs of 34 species on 38 acres. A similarly dense, though less varied, bird population was found in a 52-acre peach orchard near Port Clinton, Ohio. This showed 108 pairs of common farm birds, 36 pairs of purple martins, and six pairs of English sparrows, a total of 150 pairs of 29 species.

In the south the counts showed an average of 77 pairs of 20 species and five pairs of English sparrows on 83 acres in Florida; in Louisiana an average of 95 pairs of 29 species on 53 acres; and the counts from Texas indicate an average of 91 pairs of birds of 21 species on 60 acres. The average of all counts received from the southern states is 76 pairs of birds of 23 species on a farm of 58 acres.

At Cornell.

On the 256 acres on the Cornell University campus at Ithaca, N. Y., a very careful study indicated 573 pairs of nesting birds, an average of 166 pairs of native nesting birds per 100 acres, and 56 nesting pairs of English sparrows per 100 acres, or a total of 225 nesting birds per 100 acres. A similar count made near Rhinebeck, N. Y., in a 210-acre section indicated 54 different kinds represented by 366 pairs, nearly the same per acre as shown at Cornell University.

The results of the 1915 bird count just published by the Biological Survey indicates an average of eight pairs of robins and six pairs of English sparrows on each farm of 108 acres where the count was made in the northeastern states. The average of all reports for two years show seven pairs of robins and five and one-half pairs of English sparrows for each farm covered in this section.

Jack London, Noted Novelist, Dies Suddenly

NOTED AUTHOR PASSES AWAY

Jack London Dies After Spending Last Conscious Hours Completing Story.

The fact that Jack London, the author, who died Nov. 22 at his Glen Ellen farm near Santa Rosa, Cal., spent his last conscious evening in writing, caused his intimate friends to discuss his unusual capacity for work, especially in recent years.

London complained of indigestion when he went to bed Nov. 21, but notwithstanding, during his last conscious hours, sat propped up in bed writing a short story. His physician attributed death to "a gastro intestinal type of uremia."

Jack London was born in San Francisco, January 12, 1876. Left college without completing his course in order to go to the Klondike. In 1902 he went to sea before the mast and the next year found him first in Japan and later hunting in the Bering sea.

In 1894 London tramped throughout the United States and Canada for sociological and economic study. A few years later he appeared as a journalist, then as a lecturer, and when the Russo-Japanese war began he went to the front as a correspondent. After the war he navigated his 55-foot yacht in the South seas.

London was a prolific writer. Wolf, The God of His Fathers, The Daughter of the Snows, The Call of the Wild, The Sea Wolf, Life of Life, When God Laughs, John Barleycorn, The Scarlet Plague, The Strength of the Strong, and The Little Lady of the Big House.

Professor Is to Control Rainfall

Cincinnati Enquirer.

How would you like to order your own weather, just as your order Sunday's joint? There is a possibility scientists may achieve this.

Prof. Summerton of the Australian Scientific Research association, is busy with experiments which may revolutionize our meteorological arrangements. He contends that his system will insure or prevent rain and sun, as is necessary for the country's good.

The atmosphere about our earth is loaded with minute particles of dust, which, when condensed with moisture too microscopic to be attracted to earth alone, fall to the ground in the shape of rain.

Atmospheric electricity is said to resist rainfall. The air immediately above us is not charged with electricity. Our earth is charged negatively with electricity. At cloud level the air is charged positively with electricity, and the dust particles there become likewise charged.

During atmospheric disturbances the equilibrium is upset, and the negative electricity of the earth passes through midair to meet the positive electricity, consequently bringing down the dust with its load of moisture.

Prof. Summerton proposes that the negative electricity should be sent up whenever we require rain. A conductor or taking the form of captive balloons fitted with steel points, and aided by certain other electrical devices, is the weather implement suggested. When sunshine is needed the method would require reversing.

MAY FLY OVER ATLANTIC OCEAN

Danish Army Officer Says Journey Must Be Made in 24 Hours if He Goes.

"Do you remember," said Lieut. Pollner of the Danish army, to the New York World's correspondent, "six years ago, when scenes of strange excitement were witnessed in this city in connection with the first display of flying? Schools were deserted by the children, the prisoners in court were forgotten by both magistrates and police, traffic was suspended, shopkeepers and post officials jumped their counters in mad rush for the aviation ground, and for at least one hour the invalids in bed were almost the only occupants of the town. I was among the crowd on that day.

"Six years only have elapsed, and the progress in mastering the air has been so marvelous that I have made up my mind the the problem of crossing through the air the Atlantic ocean is feasible, and I hope to be the lucky winner."

Lieut. Pollner, now 25 years old, entered the Danish army a few years ago as a private. After passing his degree he became lieutenant and at once took a fancy to air flying. He is generally recognized as a cool-headed, skilled and daring airman.

As regards the Atlantic flying, he says he did not find anybody willing to listen to his plan at the start, but ultimately Prince Axel, the royal air pilot, backed him and matters then went more smoothly.

Must Do It in 24 Hours.

"The building of a flying boat," he continued, "of the dimensions necessary for my experiment requires most careful consideration and preparation. The first condition is to get two very powerful motors to drive the engine, and I doubt that I can get them in this country. By permission of the military authorities I am therefore leaving for Berlin, where I am certain to find what I want without much difficulty. The motors must be of a capacity to enable me to make a speed of about 160 kilometers an hour—that is to say, 4,000 kilometers must be made in one dash, being the distance between Europe's extreme western outpost, the Faroe islands, and the new world's extreme eastern point, Newfoundland. I calculate that this journey must be covered in not more than 24 hours, because I consider it practically impossible to have my hands tied up to the steering apparatus for any longer period.

Two Tons of Dead Weight.

"The boat must be able to carry, besides myself and my mate, two tons of dead weight, consisting of extra apparatus for steering and navigating, utensils, oil, food and a perfect wireless system to enable me to summon assistance in case of accident.

"A well known Danish boat builder has promised to construct a boat, in which two motors, each of 180-horsepower, will be placed. It is expected to be ready by March. I will then make some test flights across the Baltic and the Kattegat to Christiania and Stockholm, and if these trips prove satisfactory, I will next spring realize my scheme."

WILD TRIBESMEN IN LEGISLATURE

Moro and Igorot Are Representatives in First Philippine Congress.

For the first time in history a representative head hunter is sitting in a legislative assembly. When the first Philippine congress convened in Manila, Oct. 16, a fullblooded Moro took his seat in the upper house.

The Moro senator is Hadji Butu, for many years prime minister of the Sultan of Zulu, that unofficial functionary of the American government who wields an immense influence among the Mohammedans of the Zulu archipelago and of the Far East generally.

Two other fullblooded Moros took their seats in the lower house, side by side, with two delegates from the wild tribes—one an Igorot and the other an Ifugao. The tribes these men represent stepped out of savagery only yesterday and their names are linked with some of the bloodiest deeds in Philippine history.

Hadji Butu, who becomes a member of the senate by appointment of Governor General Harrison, is looked upon as one of the strongest men among the Moros and has always counseled conciliatory tactics on their part toward the government. In the last few years he has played a leading role in the transformation of the island of Zulu from a region of murder and pillage to one of progress and industry.

Datu, or headman, Piang, one of Butu's fellow tribesmen in the lower house, was famous in the days of the American occupation of Mindanao. Datu Piang took to the mountains in the days of Spanish rule and transferred his hostility to the Americans on their arrival. He held sway in an almost impregnable fortress, from which many a raid was started and where many a refugee from American justice took shelter. He, at last, became persuaded that the Americans really stood for justice and humanity and laid down his arms.

Altogether nine provinces, hitherto regarded as too close to savagery to have governmental representatives, have spokesmen in the new congress. Among these nine is the province of Luzon, the home of the so-called wild people who, until a few years ago, were chiefly noted for their ability in head hunting.

Twenty of the 22 members of the senate belonged to the Nationalist party. This party was organized on a platform of immediate independence for the island, but, later, gave its support to the Philippine bill under which the present government has been organized.

Increase in Orange Crop

The commercial orange crop of the United States shows a probable increase of 2,635,000 boxes this year. An estimate issued by the department of agriculture places the crop at 23,835,000 boxes, of which the California production is 17,500,000 boxes, or 2,450,000 more than last year, and that of Florida 6,335,000 boxes, or an increase of 185,000. The Florida grapefruit crop is estimated at 1,900,000 boxes, a decrease of 100,000 boxes from last year.

Oversight Costly

When Samuel Crisp of White Plains, N. J., married twice without the formality of one divorce, the court punished him by compelling him to keep both wives.

FUNDS GATHERED FOR NEW IRISH REVOLUTION

BOSTON PEOPLE CONTRIBUTE MONEY TO HELP BUY RIFLES FOR REBELS.

Speakers who asked for funds to support another revolution in Ireland, asserting that "the Dublin rebels are going to fight again, and fight very soon," obtained subscriptions at a meeting in Boston last week.

The money, it was said, will be used to purchase rifles, so that "when the next rebellion breaks the rebels will have modern guns instead of clubs and pitchforks."

The meeting, at which tribute was paid to Irish patriots of other years, was addressed by Peter Gordon of New York, and Luke Dillon of Philadelphia.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT

Thousands of others have gotten rid of theirs WITHOUT DIETING OR EXERCISING often at the rate of over a pound a day and WITHOUT PAYMENT until reduction has taken place.

I am a licensed practicing physician and personally select the treatment for each individual case, thus enabling me to choose remedies that will produce not only a loss of weight harmlessly, but which will also relieve you of all the troublesome symptoms of over-stoutness such as shortness of breath, palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, gout, asthma, kidney trouble and various other afflictions which often accompany overstoutness.

My treatment will relieve that depressed, tired, sleepy feeling, giving you renewed energy and vigor, a result of the loss of your superfluous fat.

You are not required to change in the slightest from your regular mode of living. There is no dieting or exercising. It is simple, easy and pleasant to take.

To all who are overstout I will send **FREE** a trial treatment and also my plan whereby I am to be **PAID ONLY AFTER REDUCTION** has taken place, if you so desire.

Do not postpone, sit right down now and write your name and address clearly, send it to me by first mail, and so start on the road to the recovery of your former health and figure.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician State of New York
286 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Desk 224-D.

Mention The Toledo Weekly Blade when writing advertisers.

Mustache Bids Farewell to Many a Tommy's Upper Lip

The long-honored mustache of the English soldier may soon be a thing of the past. By a revised army regulation it is now made optional and already thousands of the carefully cultivated hirsute adornments have fallen before the advance of the grim reaper—usually some brand of the American safety razor.

Oldtimers in the army regret the passing of this "mark of the soldier," but the youngsters who have been struggling lately to grow a respectable appearing mustache have breathed a distinct sigh of relief.

So an order has been issued striking out the fateful words, "but not the upper lip" from Paragraph No. 1696 of the King's Regulations. This paragraph originally read:

"The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and under lip will be shaven, but not the upper lip. Whiskers, if worn, will be of moderate length."

In an attempt to comply with the regulation and at the same time to enjoy the freedom of a clean shaven face, upper lip and all, many of the new subalterns and Tommies developed what is known as the toothbrush mustache. There were such variations as the "tusk," the "flytrap," the "flick sardonic" and the "ginger pert," while some even went so far as to affect a "kaiser twist." There were still others who declined to refer to their attempts at an outward and visible sign of martial valor as anything but "It."

It is a salve to the old soldier that the new rule is merely optional. It would be a great grief to many of the old sergeant-majors to part with the splendid, branching twirlies they have cultivated over 25 years.

The change to smooth upper lips is already strikingly noticeable in London, while at the front there no doubt has been a great scraping of razors in the first line trenches.

Buffalo Papers Raise Price

Five Buffalo newspapers have announced an advance in price from one cent to two cents a copy. The increased cost of white paper and other materials was given as the cause for the advance.

The Son of Tarzan

SYNOPSIS

PAULVITCH, the Russian, escapes from Africa to London, bringing with him Akut, the ape, Tarzan's friend. Tarzan's son, Jack Clayton, who has been kept in ignorance of his father's life, runs away with Akut to Africa after the ape has killed Paulvitch. There Akut kills an American crook, and the two flee into the jungle. Jeanne, little daughter of Captain Jacot of the Foreign Legion, has been stolen by Arabs, and Jenssen and Malbihn, two Swedes, recognize her in Meriem, supposed daughter of the sheik, and try to carry her off for the reward Jacot has offered. Jack quickly finds his place in the jungle, and meets his first lion while hunting with Akut.

Jack wins the title of Korak, the Killer, in many adventures. Both blacks and whites fear him and drive him away; so he turns to the great apes for companionship, only to be rejected once more. Sick at heart he chances upon the sheik's village in time to rescue Meriem from the anger of the sheik. Korak carries her to the jungle where the two join Akut.

Meriem learns to hunt with Korak and Akut, the former discovering that he loves the girl. Akut is separated from the two when he becomes king of the tribe of apes. Meriem is carried away by the blacks who wound Korak. The ape-man wins the gratitude of the baboons when he rescues their king from two Swedes. Korak fails to rescue Meriem from the blacks and she is sold by Kovudoo to the two Swedes who carry her away. Malbihn attacks the girl and shoots Jenssen when he interferes. A strange white man leading a company of blacks rescues Meriem from Malbihn and takes her to his wife and home.

Meriem finds a home while Korak, at the head of the baboons, attacks Kovudoo's village, dispersing the blacks, but finding the girl gone. He sorrowfully returns to the jungle.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Lion and a Lamb.

Brooding and despondent, he took his solitary way into the deepest jungle. He moved along the ground when he knew that Numa was abroad and hungry. He took to the same tree that harbored Sheeta, the panther. He courted death in a hundred ways and a hundred forms. His mind was ever occupied with reminiscences of Meriem and the happy years that they had spent together.

He realized now to the full what she had meant to him. The sweet face, the tanned, supple little body, the bright smile that had always welcomed his return from the hunt, haunted him continually.

Inaction soon threatened him with madness. He must be on the go. He must fill his days with labor and excitement that he might forget—that night might find him so exhausted that he should slep in blessed unconsciousness of his misery until a new day had come.

Had he guessed that by any possibility Meriem might still live, he would at least have had hope. His days could have been devoted to searching for her; but he believed implicitly that she was dead.

For a long year he led this solitary roaming life. Occasionally he fell in with Akut and his tribe, hunting with them for a day or two; or he might travel to a hill country, where the baboons had coem to accept him as a matter of course; but most of all was he with Tantor, the elephant —the great gray battle-ship of the jungle—the super-dreadnaught of his savage world.

The peaceful quiet of the monster bulls, the watchful solicitude of the mother cows, the awkward playfulness of the calves, rested, interested and amused Korak. The life of the huge beasts, took his mind, temporarily from his own grief. He came to love them as he loved not even the great apes, and there was one gigantic tusker in particular of which he was very fond—the lord of the herd, a savage beast that was wont to charge a stranger upon the slightest provocation whatsoever.

And to Korak this mountain of destruction was docile and affectionate as a lap-dog.

He came when Korak called. He wound his trunk about the ape-man's body and lifted him to his broad neck in response to a gesture, and there would Korak lie at full length, kicking his toes afectionately into the thick hide and brushing the flies from about the tender ears of his colossal chum with a leafy branch torn by Tantor from a near-by tree.

And all the time Meriem was only a 100 miles away!

To Meriem in her new home the days passed quickly. At first she was all anxiety to be off into the jungle, searching for her Korak.

Bwana, as she insisted upon calling her benefactor, dissuaded her from making the attempt at once by dispatching a head man with a party of blacks to Kovudoo's village, with instructions to learn from the old savage how he came into possession of the white girl and as much of her antecedents as might be called from the black chieftian. Bwana particularly charged his head man with the duty of questioning Kovudoo relative to the strange character whom the girl called Korak, and of searching for the ape-man if he found the slightest evidence upon which to ground a belief in the existence of such an individual.

Bwana was convinced that Korak was a creature of the girl's disordered imagination. He believed that the terrors and hardships she had undergone during captivity among the blacks and her frightful experience with the two Swedes had unbalanced her mind; but as the days passed, and he became better acquainted with her and able to observe her under the ordinary conditions of the quiet of his African home he was forced to admit that her strange tale puzzled him not a little; for there was no other evidence whatever that Meriem was not in full posession of her normal faculties.

The white man's wife, whom Meriem had christened "My dear," from having first heard her thus addressed by Bwana, took not only a deep interest in the little jungle waif because of her forlorn and friendless state, but grew to loev her as well for her sunny disposition and natural charm of temperament. And Meriem, similarly impressed by like attributes in the gentle, cultured woman, reciprocated the other's regard and affection.

And so the days flew by while Meriem waited the return of the head man and his party from the country of Kovudoo. They were short days, for into them was crowded many hours of insidious instruction of the unlettered child by the lonely woman.

She commenced at once to teach the girl English, without forcing it upon her as a task. She varied the instruction with lessons in sewing and deportment, nor once did she let Meriem guess that it was not all play. Nor was this difficult, since the girl was avid to learn.

Then there were pretty dresses to be made to take the place of the single leopard-skin, and in this she found the child as responsive and enthusiastic as any civilized miss of her acquaintance.

A month passed before the head man returned — a month that had transformed the savage, little, half-naked Mangani into a daintily frocked girl of at least outward civilization. Meriem had progressed rapidly with the intricacies of the English language, for Bwana and My Dear persistently refused to speak Arabic from the time they had decided that Meriem must learn English, which had been a day or two after her introduction into their home.

But docile as Meriem was in those matters, there was one thing that she insisted on during her entire stay with the kind white folk; and that was her personal freedom to make excursions into the jungle, attired very much as she had been with Korak, whenever she chose. Bwana and My Dear got used, in time, to finding her room empty, and to have her turn up hours later, flushed and radiant after a wild romp through the trees and jungle.

Thus it was that, despite the civilized boots she wore, and the confining feminine garb, the soles of her hard little feet and the palms of her capable hands remained exceedingly serviceable; nor did her grace and agility suffer.

The report of the head man plunged Meriem into a state of despondency, for he had found the village of Kovudoo deserted; nor, search as he would, could he discover a single native anywhere in the vicinity. For some time he had camped near the village, spending the days in a systematic search of the environs for traces of Meriem's Korak; but in this quest, too, had he failed. He had seen neither apes nor ape-man.

Meriem at first insisted upon setting forth herself in search of Korak; but Bwana prevailed upon her to wait. He would go, he assured her, as soon as he could find the time, and at last Meriem consented to abide by his wishes. But it was months before she ceased to mourn almost hourly for her Korak.

My Dear grieved with the grieving girl, and did her best to comfort and cheer her. She told her that if Korak lived he would find her; but all the time she believed that Korak had never existed beyond the child's dreams.

She planned amusements to distract Meriem's attention from her sorrow, and she instituted a well designed camapign to impress upon the child the desirability of civilized life and customs. Nor was this difficult, as she was soon to learn; for it rapidly became evident that beneath the uncouth savagery of the girl was a bed-rock of innate refinement — a nicety of taste and predilection that quite equaled that of her instructor.

My Dear was delighted. She was lonely and childless, and so she lavished upon this little stranger all the mother-loev that would have gone to her own, had she had one. The result was that by the end of the first year none might have guessed that Meriem ever existed beyond the lap of culture and refinement—that is, unless they had chanced to see her ranging the jungle. She was 16 now, though she might easily have passed for 19; and she was very good to look upon, with her black hair and her tanned skin, and all the freshness and purity of health and innocence.

Yet she still nursed her secret sorrow, though she no longer mentioned it to My Dear. Scarce an hour passed that did not bring its recollection of Korak and its poignant yearning to see him again.

Meriem spoke English fluently now and read and wrote it as well. To French she took like a duck to water, and My Dear often marveled that she learned this language with a facility that was at times almost uncanny. During the first lessons Meriem had puckered her narrow, arched, little eyebrows as though trying to force recollection of something all but forgotten which the new words suggested; and then, to her own astonishment as well as that of her teacher, she had used other French words than those in the lessons—used them properly and with a pronunciation that the English woman knew was more perfect than her own.

You doubtless heard French spoken at times in your father's douar," sugested My Dear as the most reasonable explanation.

Meriem shook her head.

"It may be," she said, "but I do not recall ever having seen a Frenchman in my father's company — he hated them and would have nothing whatever to do with them, and I am quite sure that I never heard any of these words before; yet at the same time I find them all familiar. I cannot understand it."

"Neither can I," agreed My Dear.

It was about this time that a runner brought a letter that, when she learned the contents, filled Meriem with excitement. Visitors were coming! A number of English ladies and gentlemen had accepted My Dear's invitation to spend a month of hunting and exploring with them.

Meriem was all expectancy. What would these strangers be like? She wondered if they would be as nice to her as Bwana and My Dear, or would they be like the other white folk she had known—cruel and relentless? My Dear assured her that they all were gentlefolk, and that she would find them kind, considerate and honorable.

To My Dear's surprise, there was none of the shyness of the wild creature in Meriem's anticipation of the visit of strangers.

She looked forward to their coming with curiosity and with a certain pleasurable anticipation when once she was assured that they would not bite her. In fact, she appeared no different than any pretty young miss who had learned of the expected coming of company.

Korak's image was still often in her thoughts, but it aroused now a less well-defined sense of bereavement. A quiet sadness pervaded Meriem when she thought of him, but the poignant grief of her loss when it was young no longer goaded her to desperation.

Yet she was still loyal to him. She still hoped that some day he would find her, nor did she doubt for a moment but that he was searching for her if he still lived.

It was this last suggestion that caused her the greatest perturbation. Korak might be dead. It hardly seemed possible that one so well equipped to meet the emergencies of jungle life should have succumbed so young, yet when she had last seen him he had been beset by a horde of armed warriors; and should he have returned to the village again, as she well knew he must have, he may have been killed.

Even her Korak could not single-handed slay an entire tribe.

At last the visitors arrived. There wer three men and two women—the wives of the two older men. The youngest member of the party was Hon. Morrison Baynes, a young man of considerable wealth, who having exhausted all the possibilities for pleasure offered by the capitals of Europe, had gladly seized upon this opportunity to turn to another continent for excitement and adventure.

He looked upon all things non-European as rather more or less impossible; still he was not at all averse to enjoying the novelty of unaccustomed places and making the most of strangers indigenous thereto. however unspeakable they may have seemed to him at home. In manner he was suave and courteous to all—if possible a trifle more punctilious toward those he considered of meaner clay than toward the few he mentally admitted to equality.

Nature had favored him with a splendid physique and a handsome face, and also with sufficient good judgment to apreciate that, while he might enjoy the contemplation of his superiority to the masses, there was little likelihood o fthe masses being equally entranced by the same cause. And so he easily maintained the reputation of being a most democratic and likable fellow — and indeed he was likable. Just a shade of his egotism was occasionally apparent — never sufficient to become a burden to his associates.

And this, briefly, was the Hon. Morison Baynes of luxurious European civilization. What would be the Hon. Morison Baynes of Central Africa it would be difficult to guess.

Meriem at first was shy and reserved in the presence of the strangers. Her benefactors had seen fit to ignore mention of her strange past and so she passed as their ward whose antecedents not being mentioned were not to be inquired into. The guests found her sweet and unassuming, laughing, vivacious, and a never-exhausted storehouse of quaint and interesting jungle lore.

She had ridden much during her year with Bwana and My Dear. She knew each favorite clump of concealing reeds along the river that the buffalo loved best. She knew a dozen places where lions laired, and every drinking hole in the drier country, 25 miles back from the river. With unerring precision that was almost uncanny she could track the largest or the smallest beast to his hiding place.

But the thing that baffled them all was her instant consciousness of the presence of carnivora that others, exerting their faculties to the utmost, could neither see nor hear.

The Hon. Morison Baynes found Meriem a most beautiful and charming companion. He was delighted with her from the first. Particularly as, it is possible, because he had not thought to find companionship of this sort upon the African estate of his London friends. They were together a great deal, as they weer the only unmarried couple in the little company.

Meriem, entirely unaccustomed to the companionship of such as Baynes, was fascinated by him. His tales of the great, gay cities with whichhe was familiar filled her with admiration and with wonder. If the Hon. Morison alway shone to advantage in these narratives, Meriem saw in that fact but a natural consequence of his presence upon the scene of his story — wherever Morison might be, he must be a hero. So thought the girl.

With the actual presence and companionship of the young Englishman, the image of Korak became less real. Where before it had been an actuality to her, she now realized that Korak was but a memory. To that memory she still was loyal; but what weight has a memory in the presence of a fascinating reality?

Meriem had never accompanied the men upon a hunt since the arrival of the guests. She never had cared particularly for the sport of killing. The tracking she enjoyed; but the mere killing for the sake of killing she could not find pleasure in—little savage she had been, and still to some measure was.

When Bwana had gone forth to shoot for meals she had always been his enthusiastic companion, but with the coming of the London guests the hunting had deteriorated into mere killing. Slaughter the host would not permit; yet the purpose of the hunt was for heads and skins, and not for food.

So Meriem remained behind and spent her days either with My Dear upon the shaded veranda or riding her favorite pony across the plains or to the forest edge. Here she would leav him untethered while she discarded non-essentials and took to the trees for the unalloyed pleasures of a return to the wild, free existence of her earlier childhood.

Then would come again visions of Korak, and, tired at last of leaping and swinging through the trees, she would stretch herself comfortably upon a branch and dream.

And presently, as today, she found the features of Korak slowly dissolving and merging into those of another and the figure of a tanned, half-naked Tarmangani become a khaki-clothed and sturdy Englishman astride a hunting pony.

And while she dreamed there came to her ears from a distance, faintly, the terrified bleating of a kid. Meriem was instantly alert. You or I, even had we been able to hear the pitiful wail at so great a distance, could not have interpreted it; but to Meriem it meant a species of terror that afflicts the ruminant when a carnivore is near and escape impossible.

It had been both a pleasure and a sport of Korak's to rob Numa of his prey whenever possible, and Meriem, too, had often joyed in the thrill of snatching some dainty morsel almost from the very jaws of the king of beasts.

Now, at the sound of the kid's bleat, all the well-remembered thrills recurred. Instantly she was all excitement to play again the game of hide-and-seek with death.

Already she had discarded her riding skirt—it was a heavy handicap to successful travel in the trees. Her boots and stockings had followed the skirt for the bare sole of the human foot does not slip upon dry or even wet bark as does the hard leather of a boot.

She would have liked to discard her riding breeches as well, but a year of motherly admonitions on the part of My Dear had almost convinced Meriem that it was not good form to go naked through the world.

At her hip hung a hunting knife. Her rifle was still in its boot at her pony's withers. Her revolver she had not brought.

The kid was still bleating as Meriem started in the direction, which she knew was straight toward a certain water-hole which had once been famous as a rendezvous for lions. Of late there had been no evidences of carnivora in the neighborhood of this drinking place; but Meriem was positive that the bleating of the kid was due to teh presence of either a lion or a panther.

But she would soon know, for she was rapidly approaching the terrified animal. She wondered as she hastened onward that the sounds continued to come from the same point. Why did the kid not run away?

And then she came in sight of the little animal and knew. The kid was tethered to a stake beside the water-hole!

Meriem paused in teh branches of a near-by tree and scanned the surrounding clearing with quick, penetrating eyes. Where was the hunter? Bwana and his people did not hunt thus. Who could have tethered this poor litle beast as a lure to Numa? Bwana never countenanced such acts in his country, and his word was law among those who hunted within a radius of many miles of his estate.

Some wandering savages, doubtless, thought Meriem; but where were they? Not even her keen eyes could discover them. And where was Numa? Why had he not long ago sprung upon this delicious and defenseless morsel? That he was close by was attested by the pitiful crying of the kid.

Ah! Now she saw him. He was lying close to a clump of brush a few yards to her right. The kid was down wind from him and getting the full benefit of the terrorizing scent, which did not reach Meriem.

To circle to the opposite side of the clearing where the trees approached closer to the kid, to leap quickly to the litle animal's side and cut the tether that held him would be the work of but a moment. In that moment Numa might charge, and there would be scarce time to regain the safety of the trees; yet it might be done. Meriem had escaped from closer quarters than that many times before.

The doubt that gave her momentary pause was caused by fear of the unseen hunters more than by fear of Numa. If there were stranger blacks, the spears that they held in readiness for Numa might as readily be loosed upon whoever dared release their bait, as upon the prey they sought thus to trap.

Again the kid struggled to be free. Again his piteous wail touched the tender heartstrings of the girl. Tossing discretion aside, she comemnced to circle the clearing. Only from Numa did she attempt to conceal her presence.

At last she reached the opposite trees. An instant she paused to look toward the great lion, and at the same moment she saw the huge beast rise slowly to his full height. A low roar betokened that he was ready.

Meriem loosened her knife and leaped to the ground. A quick run brought her to the side of the kid. Numa saw her. He lashed his tail against his tawny sides. He roared terribly; but for an instant he remained where he stood — surprised into inaction, doubtless, by the strange apparition that had sprung so unexpectedly from the jungle.

Other eyes were upon Meriem, too —eyes in which there were no less surprise than that reflected in the yellow-green orbs of the carnivore. A white man, hiding on a thorn boma, half rose as the young girl leaped into teh clearing and dashed toward the kid.

He saw Numa hesitate. He raised his rifle and covered the beast's breast. The girl reached the kid's side. Her knife flashed and the little prisoner was free. With a parting bleat it dashed off into the jungle.

Then the girl turned to retreat toward the safety of the tree from which she had dropped so suddenly and unexpectedly into the surprised view of the lion, the kid and the strange white man.

As she turned, the girl's face was turned toward the hunter. His eyes went wide as he saw her features. He gave a little gasp of surprise; but now the lion demanded all his attention—the baffled, angry beast was charging.

His breast was still covered by the motionless rifle. The man could have fired and stopped the charge at once, but for some reason, since he had seen the girl's face, he hesitated. Could it be that he did not care to save her? Or did he prefer, if possible, to remain unseen by her?"

It must have been the latter cause which kept the trigger finger of the steady hand from exerting the little pressure that would have brought the great beast at least to a temporary pause.

Like an eagle the man watched the race for life the girl was making. A second or two measured the time which the whole exciting event consumed from the moment that the lion broke into his charge. Not once did the rifle sights fail to cover th broad breast or the tawney side as the lion's course took him a little to the man's left.

Once, at the very last moment, when escape seemed impossible, the hunter's finger tightened ever so little upon the trigger; but almost coincidentally the girl leaped for an overhanging branch—but the lion leaped, too!

To Be Continued.

Japan has started sheep raising industry. Already there are 15,000 sheep in Japan and it is said the country is capable of supporting 500,000 head.

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This much is certain—it is the consumer, not the middleman, who gets squeezed.

It is sure that the woman in politics doesn't get her inspiration by leaning against a booze bar.

Villa believes in diversifying his entertainment. When he gets tired of cutting off ears, he burns a few children.

Short sermons will make a minister popular with sinners. And Christians don't need long sermons.

When wooden shoes come, if they ever do, we can make the children happy by letting them play on a tin roof.

Dorothy Dix says a woman ought to pick out her husband's faults before she marries him. But how can she, when love is blind?

Miss Jeannette Rankin says she means to make speeches when she gets into congress. She differs from some of the male members, whose idea of serving the country is to draw their salaries.

Mr. Bryan says he "is in politics with both feet." That means he is in up to his silver tongue.

Home-made bread may not be cheaper than baker's, but who does not recall mother's beautiful arms as she kneaded the dough? They were an inspiration to the Lord's Prayer.

If the brotherhoods were sisterhoods they would be expected to quarrel among themselves.

Here is somebody speaking of "a salary of $9 a week." But $9 a week isn't a salary. It's a church collection with two-thirds of the pews unoccupied.

A liar may still be conscientious to the extent of hoping the story he tells will come true.

"Thanksgiving" is a long word. And it is well to remember that the day after is a long day.

Best reason we have heard yet why boys leave the farm is because Willie's calf grows to be Pa's cow.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

And right there a tragedy bigger than a cow finds a place in Willie's soul.

Monastir, which is in a bowl, has fallen. Might as well have been on a mountain top.

To be happy, a man should have more to look forward to than a mouthful of scrap tobacco.

Too many speak of the "average man" with a far-away look.

Germany is to force every man in its borders to work. As a lazy man's sport pitching horseshoes is not going to get anywhere in that country.

The position of the weather man seems secure. It is doubtful if there'll ever be a weather woman.

It is pleasing to sympathetic humanity to hear a little country like Serbia deny the report that it has been annihilated.

This much for Uncle John Rockefeller. He has about as much to say when he hands a little boy or a girl a few pennies as when he gives a million dollars to some institution.

Swans do not sing until they are old enough to know better.

Why shouldn't women make good laws? They do as well, if not better than men, when it comes to observing them.

Rabindranath Tagore's poetry, what we have read of it, makes us love Jim Riley's.

Among those who will be pleased to have the Adamson law defined, there is Mr. Adamson.

For the love of womanhood, let's not refer to Miss Jeanette Rankin as "Montana's female congressman."

It is now possible to walk across the country without stepping on a wet state.

A Day of Sentiment

President Wilson's Thanksgiving proclamation took on an altered form this year, but it did not, as has been said, give a new note or a new spirit to the day's observance. Proclamations are necessarily perfunctory. Spirit cannot be created by affixing the government's seal to anything the President chooses to write.

Thanksgiving Day is typically American, a fireside institution conceived in humility and born of gratitude. It has become a tradition, the one sweet, old-fashioned custom that is still sacred. We may have found modern ways of celebrating, but the heart of the institution remains untouched by sordid emotions. Human nature does not change, and the souls of men are yet susceptible to divine impressions. If we seem less devout than the Plymouth Rock Pilgrims, we may not be so dogmatical and may have a broader tolerance. The American heart is still big enough to include the whole world in its sympathies.

The personal note is strong in the minds of the people. Today is one of sentiment. All Americans are either at home or thinking of home. In their hearts they are singing the wanderer's sweetest song, and with their souls praising God from Whom all blessings flow.

Who Will Be Boss?

In increasing numbers, the women of Europe have been taking the places of men at desk and bench, in mine and on railways, in the fields and even at blast furnaces where great strength and endurance are first requisites. A good deal of discussion has been going on as to what will be the attitude of men toward these women when the men are returned from the wars.

But we haven't seen any discussion as to the attitude of women toward men when peace comes. Yet it may be the bigger problem of the two. The women are acquiring not only knowledge of men's work, but also a grip upon men's jobs. They are not simply learning how to take the place of men in industry, but also they are learning how to depend upon themselves for their living, how to face the harshest phases of life, how to conquer a fear of things it had been conventional for them to dread and avoid. They are, in short, gaining independence.

Is it likely that the woman who has been working as a baggage handler through the war will meekly give up her position when a soldier, back from the trenches, lays claim to it? She has acquired the air that baggage handlers have. She has brawn, a clear eye, a calmness that a hundred howling traveling men cnnot make a dent in. To conceive of her quitting the job without a fight if she wants the place is impossible. So in many other lines that breed a cool superiority toward folks in general. The women, used to struggling with everyday hardships from which hitherto they have been largely protected, will not hesitate to struggle with men who will want to resume the old position of the "dominant sex."

Today, we wonder if the men of Europe will give the women votes. We wonder if they will be properly grateful, if they will consider rewards. It may be that with peace we will wonder if women will be magnanimous, if they will be meek, if they will give men the chance to recover the upper hand. And with our wonder may be strong misgivings.

Tagore and Nationalism

Sir Rabindranath Tagore's attack upon nationalism is just in principle. It would be far better for human society, doubtless, if national border lines were wiped out, if there were no fortresses upon them or custom houses, no immigrant inspection stations or officials demanding a look at the traveler's passports.

But it is impossible for one nation to surrender its national existence unless the rest of the world does it also. Governments are not established for humanitarian purposes, but to protect certain members of the human race in their pursuit of happiness from the aggression of other members. This is the fundamental reason for governments. It is noticeable that when these institutions fail of this purpose, they disappear. The liberties of their people are not extended as they would be according to the Tagore ideal, but are restricted. It is the lot of these people to be conquered.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore's message classifies with the movements for disarmament. The nation that disbands its armies and turns its navies over to the junkdealer invites the invader, opens the gates to empire builders. It is destruction, not advancement, which results. The nation which makes a sin of patriotism, burns its flags and ceases to recite the sacrifices and nobilities of its founders, is bound to go the same road. You cannot live in the world and yet not be of the world. Tagore paints an ideal state, one to be desired with all the heart. But mankind still has the impulses of the cave man in its blood. Until that is gone, there will be nations, there will be use for patriotism, there will be need of those things which Tagore calls cruel lest the alternatives be worse.

The Southward Flight

Florida, according to Jacksonville dispatches, is prepared for the largest tourist trade in its career. The north is prosperous. More people can run from the frost and blizzards than ever before. In providing these folk with warmth, friendly skies and the opportunity to relieve themselves of surplus money, Florida considers it is most marvelously equipped.

We don't know but Florida is right. It is a warm state—warm of climate, politics and opinions of "fool no'therners." In recent years, it has developed a skill at parting the visitor from his dollars that challenges the great pre-war talents of European inn-keepers. Yet it must not be said that Florida does not give value received. It provides the stranger with conversational topics it takes months to exhaust. It furnishes a bright atmosphere suitable for extensive snap photography. The sea shells, so handsomely engraved, improve every mantelpiece. The stuffed baby alligators are perfect delights. Florida, too, has a sand flea that guarantees exercise all the day long and the man from the north who goes down there lamentably out of training comes back with muscles hardened, appetite voracious and a passion for the scratchiest bath towels manufactured.

It is perhaps true that the flight to Florida indicates an increasing softness among the residents of the north. But the state hardens the strangers, especially their suspicion. When the spring migration begins, the exiles return with only one thing flabby about them—their pocketbooks.

The British Way

At the height of the last previous epidemic of submarine warfare, England refused to worry. It was turning ships out of the yards faster than Germans were sending ships to the bottom. It had devised nets to catch the submersibles and reported good hauls. The warfare, in the opinion of Englishmen, was a failure.

Now that bellowing bull of British journalism, Lord Harmsworth, is demanding the head of the cabinet member who is supposed to deal with submarine enemies. "It is a question of life and death," he declares. "The submarine blockade must be broken or it will break us. This is no time for slack or feeble administration." A wave of terror sweeps the islands. The empire suddenly sees the situation as Harmsworth sees it.

Isn't this all typically British? First, perfect calm, then panic. Trust in the traditional English luck at muddling through and then a cry for the sacrifice of some complacent official. Near-sightedness never afflicted a nation more. And America, offspring of Great Britain, has inherited too much of that same habit of short visiion. Fate may give us a thousand warnings, but we must feel the hot breath of the locomotive before we'll jump off the tracks. If the war by any chance should improve English eyesight, let us pray that our own vision also may be bettered.

The Day of Upheaval

You get some idea of the mighty revolution in human affairs—of which the great war is one phase, motor transportation another and Billy Sunday a third—by the news from Lexington, Kentucky, to the effect that a movement is on foot there to break up the swapping of horses in the public square on county court days.

Nothing less than a social earthquake could have suggested the idea. Twenty years ago, even ten years ago, the Lexingtonian could not have conceived of court day without at least a dozen traders, with more or less sound horseflesh at halter, grouped at favorite corners of the square. He would have thought he had died and missed enrollment with the angels had he dreamed it. Horse trading and court day went together as liver and bacon do. The combination was an institution, as old as Lexington itself.

But now it has collided with a public opinion. It may pass away and honking automobiles may take the place of the bickering traders. It is sad to contemplate. We fear word will come soon that the group which sits before the handsome courthouse front and discusses politics in its innermost, intimate character has been solemnly commanded by the court to spend its evenings at home. There is no custom, tradition or sacred institution safe in these upheaving days.

A Step in Civilization

According to the American consul at Cartagena, the people of Colombia are now wearing shirts and collars manufactured in the United States. They ought to. Our shirts are as uncomfortable as any made anywhere in the world, our collars as capable of choking a man to death. What distinguishes this civilization from others is its inconveniences and discomforts. And civilization is what Colombia is after. If it discards the native costume, free to breathe in, open to the air and the sun, and adopts our hard-boiled starchiness, it soon may be recognized as upon the plane of any nation on the globe.

Old timers, accustomed to sneezing with the wind, and taking pride in their long-distance expulsions of air, will be shocked to learn that the open-faced sneeze is becoming unpopular, if not altogether reprehensible.

It is well enough to remember that Theodore Roosevelt was the only American president who was awarded the Nobel peace prize.

Poland can never be happy as some other nation's backyard.

THE FARM CHAMPIONS

BY WALT MASON

The wrestlers and the fighters, and baseball heroes, too, are boomed by sporting writers, the whole long twelve months through. But they are sordid suckers, who for the boodle play; I sing the champeen shuckers, who husk four loads a day? When corn is ripe and yellow, and keen the autumn air, the active farmer fellow goes forth to husk his share. If he shucks bushels eighty, between the dawn and dusk, he's made a record weighty, and he can surely husk. His fame goes down to zero, and he must bow before the shining cornfield hero with forty bushels more! I've seen the champeen shucker, who won a township fame, in his best bib and tucker, enjoying men's acclaim. He has no use for medals, no loving cups he needs, and he puts on soft pedals when talking of his deeds. No sporting scribe indorses, and no promoter knows this gent who drives his horse adown the long corn rows, and beats the rival shuckers because he likes to win—they boost the prize ring muckers, who reek of dope and gin.

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ABE MARTIN

Th' farmer has an 8-hour forenoon.

It hain't th' coat that queers th' man, it's th' wrong kind of a hat.

VARIETIES

United States yearly imports 500,000 birds.

France after the war must rebuild 3,000 ruined towns.

Cuba has the largest orange grove in the world, covering 2,000 acres.

Ninety-three per cent of the floor of the ocean is devoid of vegetation.

A thin paste of wood ashes and lemon juice will renew tarnished brass.

The weeping willow came originally from the banks of the River Euphrates.

All white garments should be hung in the sunlight; colored garments in the shade.

The longest river in Japan is the Tone, its main course being about 200 miles long.

Japanese publicists believe that Japan is the most prosperous country in the world.

A tiny electric lamp is mounted on the handle of a safety razor of English invention.

Mexico has two official names, "Estados Unidos Mexicanos" and "Republica Mexicano."

New York receives weekly from 125 to 175 carloads of chickens, averaging 20,000 pounds to the car.

The working force of the British navy, afloat and ashore, includes more than 1,000,000 men.

It has been estimated that every square mile of the ocean is inhabited by 120,000,000 living beings.

New tinware will never rust if rubbed with fresh lard and baked in the oven before being used.

Forty-nine factories in the United States make needles and pins, and all report an increase in business.

Lace was known in Venice at an early period, and was not unknown to the Greeks and the Romans.

Through the advance of the ocean on its shores, Great Britain loses each year an area equal to that of Gibraltar.

The names of streets, lettered clearly on the globe of the electric street light, are a help in city streets after dark.

A Philadelphian is the inventor of a paper bag, the top of which is reinforced and so cut that it forms a handle.

Three thousand women spend their lives in driving and steering the canal boats in southern and midland England.

A bronze paint has been made which will act as a conductor of electricity, serving in the place of lightning rods.

The gems, ornaments and precious stones belonging to the shah of Persia are estimated to be worth about $35,000,000.

There is a material decrease in the number of public vehicles plying the streets of London, as compared with two years ago.

Electric locomotives are in use in Switzerland, in which powerful electro magnets are used instead of couplings in drawing cars.

The government of Ecuador has established seven land wireless stations and equipped three war vessels with radio telegraphy.

Statistics collected in Germany show that of all the trees that are struck by lightning in that country almost one-third are oaks.

To help support the spines of men who do not wear suspenders an inventor has patented a small brace to be attached to their belts.

The Philippines assembly has put up a substantial prize for a means of destroying a tobacco insect pest without injuring the tobacco.

For the business man who has much use for a rubber stamp one has been invented to be attached to a desk and operated by one foot.

It is the intention of the government of Uruguay to increase the manufacture of chemical products in the Institute of Industrial Chemistry.

"Safety first" signs are placed in hemispherical bases, so they right themselves in case they are knocked out of place by passing vehicles.

Arrangements are being made for the formation of a $50,000,000 automobile company in France to manufacture cheap cars after the war.

One man in Pittsfield, Mass., has worked in the same place twenty-five years, and never has been on time in the morning yet; at least, so he says.

By allowing its occupants practical freedom and employing them at useful occupations a Prussian insane asylum effects about 20 per cent of cures annually.

An English lighthouse has been equippedwith a lamp that can be lowered almost to sea level in foggy weather when it would be invisible in its regular position.

The opening in the top of a new sugar container opens automatically and closes as the device is righted to as it is tilted to pour out its contents, exclude dust and insects.

For light duty there has been designed a locomotive resembling coal-burning engines in outline, but driven by an internal combustion motor, using oil or gasoline for fuel.

Forestry experts in the employ of the United States government have perfected a process to prevent creosoted paving blocks from exuding their oil in hot weather.

Sunday School

THE MYSTERY BOOK OF THE BIBLE

The International Sunday School Lesson for December 3 Is "Jesus Christ the First and the Last."—The Revelation, Chapter 1.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Because faddists and eccentric folk misuse it, and because most of its figures of speech pass the knowledge of us occidentals, the Book of The Revelation is one of the neglected portions of the Bible. Avowedly a mystery book, with hidden meanings, it is yet meant as a revelation. It was written by one Christian to other Christians to convey comfort and instruction. Any open-minded person who will read through the entire Revelation at a sitting, as it was originally meant to be read, will find it full of clear teaching, in addition to the passages that are veiled. It is a book of revelation, and not of obscuration.

Several times during the present year these comments have pointed out the extraordinary and Providential timeliness of the current Sunday School Lessons. None has been more so than the three studies in the Book of Revelation. Now, as perhaps never before within the memory of man, the world is in a state of religious bewilderment. People are wondering what the spiritual significance of the universal upheaval can be. Usages and institutions which were thought to be permanent are tottering. A vast and fundamental questioning of old beliefs is abroad among men. Not a few thoughtful and reverent spirits, appalled by the awfulness of the world tragedy, are even asking whether there can be a God; or whether He cares for mankind. The cloud that overshadowed the minds of Christians in the terrible days of the persecutions under Domitian, when this book was written, is now resting upon many in the church today. May John's message serve the same purpose today that it served at the end of the first century if the Christian era.

A Real Man's Vision.

It is only the unknown that is baffling. So the first reasonable step in approaching the study of the Apocalypse (and it is well to remember that apocalyptic literature, though not now in vogue, was a common vehicle of teaching two thousand years ago) is to fix firmly in mind the mundane and historical facts in the case. Let us get the book down out of the realm of unreality.

A real man wrote it. He was our old friend John, author of the Fourth Gospel and of the three New Testament Letters that bear his name. This is the same John whom we call "the beloved disciple," and who reposed on the breast of Jesus at the Last Supper. He had the clearest comprehension of the mind of Christ on earth, and now it is given to him to see farthest into the purposes of Christ in heaven. They who are closest to Christ best understand His will. John was the only surviving apostle. He had been minister of the Church at Ephesus, and had been exiled to Patmos by the anti-Christian persecution that was harrying all the Christians.

It was a real island on which he wrote. Anybody who cares to do so may visit Patmos. Doesn't it seem as if a Christian with a private yacht would most of all delight to visit the Mediterranean, and all the seaports mentioned in the New Testament, going ashore to traverse the scenes of the earthly life of Jesus? Patmos is a rocky island about 10 miles long by six miles wide, a short distance off the coast from Ephesus. The usage of sending notable prisoners to islands is both old and new; General Townshend, the British defender of Kut el Amarra, is at this moment a prisoner on a small island in the same Aegean sea.

There were seven real churches to whom this Revelation was sent. They bore the names of seven great cities of Asia, as the Roman Province was then called which comprises the present Turkish district of Anatolia, or Western Asia Minor. I myself have visited four of them. The cities were Ephesus—we may be sure that John would put his beloved Ephesus first—Smyrna, which today is the second city of the Turkish empire; Pergamus, Thyatira, Sardis (where Princeton University was conducting notable archaeological researches when the war broke out,) Philadelphia and Laodicaea. All these cities may be found on the map of the ancient world. Some knowledge of them and of their characteristics in the year 90 A. D. help to an understanding of the Book of Revelation. In truth, one needs a measure of historical and geographical perspective if he is to read this book with profit. It is an unsafe record for one without a sense of proportions. Nothing is easier than to exalt one's own time and place into undue importance. Also it is essential to a proper reading of this book to recall the heavy drafts that the writer makes upon Old Testament figures of speech, specially as drawn from Isaiah, Daniel, Ezekiel and the Psalms.

Getting the Main Idea.

There are a thousand beautiful reflections to be drawn incidentally from the study of the Apocalypse: such as the possibility of making a Patmos of every prison experience of the soul; of the visions that come to one who is "in the spirit on the Lord's Day;" of the fellowship of suffering which all Christians may share with the saints, living and dead, and with the Saviour Himself.

"Lessons," however, must wait on the facts. Unless we get a grasp upon the main purpose of the book, and the conditions attendant upon its writing, we shall miss the real significance of the teaching. So the truth first to be borne in mind is that this Christian leader, this apostle, John the beloved, was in prison for his faith in Jesus. His churches were suffering worse than he. The fires of persecution were raging fiercely. Nero had bared his cruel sword to the Christians, and now Domitian, in turn, had interdicted the new faith. All the horrors of Roman martyrdom were being undergone by the friends of Christ. It seems as if the heathen hate might really wipe out the Christian church.

Look at the Armenians. Nearly a million have perished under the persecutions of the past year, yet what a comfort it would be to the survivors if some leader, in whose divine inspiration they implicitly trusted, could write to them a picture of their future, after Turkey has forever been wiped out. The message would have to be veiled in figures to escape the Turkish censor. Now that is just what John was doing for the Christians in the Roman empire. He was giving them comfort in their darkest hour. He wrote to buoy up their sinking hearts. For the heartening of their faith, he drew aside the veil that shut off the near and distant future. They saw Christ triumphant, the church victorious, and her enemies cast down. Dr. Peloubet, in his "Notes," puts the comfort of the Revelation epigrammatically:

"The point of view continually changes from the familiar scenes on earth to their counterpart in heaven. We read of Christ on earth, and then we see Him in glory. We see the martyrs on earth, and directly we see them alive and triumphant in the to us unseen world. We see the Christians amid wars and famine, and persecutions, and then look up and hear their songs of praise. We do not understand the earthly condition, till we see the heavenly."

The Triumphant Leader.

For three days the world was in uncertainty concerning the outcome of the election for a president of the United States. But there need not be an instant's uncertainty concerning who is ruler of the universe. The Book of the Revelation is an apotheosis of Jesus Christ. It comforts the hearts of suffering and downcast Christians by picturing the might and majesty and victory of Him who had once been slain. On earth and in heaven the supremacy of Christ is assured.

"To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

There is no consolation, in or out of Scripture, like the assurance of the almightiness of God. This is the keynote of the Book. These words from our present lesson sum up the main theme of the apocalypse:

"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

"Fear not: I am the first and the last:

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

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MONK MARVEL AS LINOTYPER

This Honolulu Chimpanzee Printer Develops Speed in a Short Time.

Linotype operators employed in printing establishments will have to face competition that will work 14 hours a day, know no union rules, and live on cocoanuts, seaweed and chocolate candy.

Authority for this statement is the Honolulu correspondent of the Typographical Journal, the official magazine of the International Typographical Union of North America. In the current number of that magazine is published an article and a picture of a chimpanzee linotype operator at work on the Star-Bulletin of Honolulu.

Shows Signs of Speed.

"Biz Fox, one of the few chimpanzee linotype operators in the world, is an expert operator of a Mergenthaler, having set 101,000 ems solid brevier in eight hours and 45 minutes, mostly reprint from typewritten copy," the article says. "Biz has been at work for 19 months and shows signs of becoming swift in time.

"Biz was born in Ashana, Africa, 19 years ago. He possesses great strength and changes the magazine of a No. 1 linotype unassisted. Another feat of his was carrying eight cases of job type balanced on his head.

"He also carried a Gordon jobber three blocks and a half. He climbs up the front of the distributor, placing one foot on the sort tray and locking the shifter with his hand. He then ascends over the magazine and starts the distributing mechanism in record time.

"Biz is a bicycle rider, having won a race around the Island of Oahu (90 odd miles) in seven and a half hours, finishing on flat tires. He has had several run-ins with traffic policemen, who testified that he made as high as 20 miles an hour, which is some speed on Honolulu's streets."

Paper Films Now.

By the use of "cold" light, obtained by automatically separating heat rays from luminous rays, by means of a process recently discovered by a French engineer, the use of celluloid for films in moving picture machines is made unnecessary, paper being used instead, it is reported. This light, the quest of which has long puzzled physicists, is said to be strong enough to throw pictures from ordinary illustrations to a screen with remarkable distinctness even when the room is well lighted.

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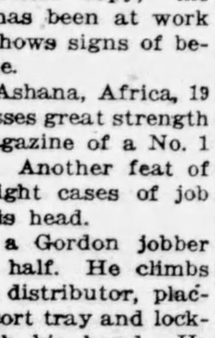

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No. 8029—Ladies' Dress.

Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches, bust measure. The nicest thing about this smart one-piece frock is its sweet simplicity. At the back it falls in pleats from a yoke; at front, the novelty of the neck holds attention—just below it the front section is laid in pleats, while, at about normal waistline, the side fronts are gathered and braid ornamented.

No. 8020—Ladies' Skirt.

Cut in sizes 24 to 32 inches, waist measure. The inspiration of new lines and clever ideas brought out this design in a skirt intended for wear with an afternoon blouse. The front panel extending the full length is very effective, formed of the material in the yoke that reaches to hip depth and to which the skirt section is gathered at the back and sides, as pictured.

No. 8000—Ladies' Apron.

Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. Neatness and smart style characterize this serviceable garment, which is cut in one piece and adjusted with back straps that cross and button over to the shoulder fronts. The straight front is adorned with a shaped pocket of good size, at either side. Plain or striped gingham, linen, chambray and similar fabrics are favorites for such utility garment.

No. 8013—Ladies' Dressing Sacque.

Cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches, bust measure. The picture tells that the designer has the right idea of what a really comfortable dressing sacque is like. This garment is cut in a becoming length, with the front ends meeting at the center. There is a choice of plain or full sleeve and two styles of collars.

No. 8019—Misses' Dress.

Cut in sizes 14 to 20 years. Individuality of line is perfectly expressed in this one-piece frock, designed especially for misses and small women. Successful style treatment is shown with a full length panel, back and front. The sleeves extending to neck edge give added interest to the model.

No. 8028—Girls' Russian Blouse Dress.

Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A very attractive design, in the serviceable Russian blouse effect for a school girl, is pictured. A touch of newness is given by the button trimming of the shaped front, where it laps the side fronts, while a box plait draws attention to the back; the collar and tie in contrasting colors lend smartness. The full plaited skirt is joined to an underwaist.

No. 8015—Maternity Gown.

Cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches, bust measure. To add to its comfort-giving qualities, the sides of body and sleeves are in one piece in this dress, and there is a body lining, with darts in each front, and the front edges finished with eyelets for lacing, so that the garment adjusts itself to the changing figure and still preserves the normal appearance. The one-piece skirt is gathered on an elastic, finished with a gathered top and fitted outside the waist.

No. 8041—Child's Dress.

Cut in sizes ½, 1 2 and 3 years. A group of tucks at front and back, below a neat yoke of embroidery and gathered top pockets at the lower part, make this a cunning little frock for a wee girlie. The sleeve may be short with band of embroidery at the elbow and a frill of edging to finish, or full-length sleeve, with wristband cuff.

No. 8036—Girls' Dress.

Cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. The closing outline of this dress shows that Fashion tried her hand at novelty with pleasing effect. The little frock is in one piece from the shoulder to lower edge, having the back fitted with a tuck in each half; a belt holds in the graceful folds of the skirt section.

No. 8044—Ladies' Middy Blouse.

Cut in sizes 36 to 40 inches, bust measure. This model offers a surprise in a middy blouse. The front is fitted with a yoke, below which two box plaits are introduced with good effect; at the back, three box plaits fall from a yoke and a separate belt keeps them in graceful line. The collar, band cuffs and trimming of the patch pockets are in contrasting color.

The Blade Book of Fashions.

In every home where clothes are made there should be a copy of The Blade Book of Fashions, a 36-page fashion publication which is issued Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. This handsome book shows 400 of the best styles for ladies, misses and children, all of which can be made at home. The book illustrates more than 50 of the newest waists and skirts, evening dresses and coats; over 50 beautiful house and street dresses and maternity gowns; over 30 aprons, dozens of negligees, kimonos and wrappers, underwear, misses' dresses and blouses, baby clothes of all kinds and nearly 100 garments for children of all ages; shirts for men and boys, etc. The very latest issue of this book will be sent postpaid to any address in the United States on receipt of 10c.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF MUTT STUCK A TRIFLE TOO LONG

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.
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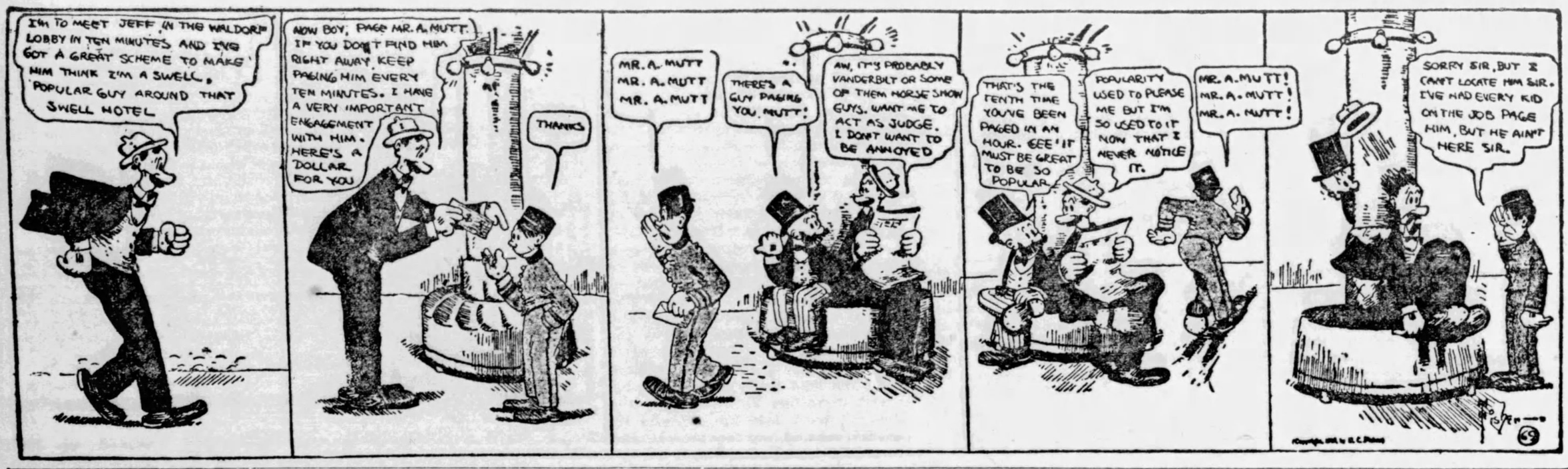
"BUD" FISHER


I'm TO MEET JEFF IN THE WALDORF LOBBY IN TEN MINUTES AND I'VE GOT A GREAT SCHEME TO MAKE HIM THINK I'M A SWELL. POPULAR GUY AROUND THAT SWELL HOTEL
NOW BOY, PAGE MR. A. MUTT. IF YOU DON'T FIND HIM RIGHT AWAY KEEP PAGING HIM EVERY TEN MINUTES. I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT WITH HIM. HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR YOU
THANKS
MR. A. MUTT MR. A. MUTT MR. A. MUTT
THERE'S A GUY PAGING YOU, MUTT!
AW, IT'S PROBABLY VANDERBILT OR SOME OF THEM HORSE SHOW GUYS. WANT ME TO ACT AS JUDGE. I DON'T WANT TO BE ANNOYED
THAT'S THE TENTH TIME YOU'VE BEEN PAGED IN AN HOUR. GEE! IT MUST BE GREAT TO BE SO POPULAR
POPULARITY USED TO PLEASE ME BUT I'M SO USED TO IT NOW THAT I NEVER NOTICE IT.
MR. A. MUTT! MR. A. MUTT! MR. A. MUTT!
SORRY SIR, BUT I CAN'T LOCATE HIM SIR. I'VE HAD EVERY KID ON THE JOB PAGE HIM, BUT HE AIN'T HERE SIR.

EVANGELIST MAY QUIT WORK SOON

Billy Sunday Wants Chicago Ball Park for an Extended Revival.

Billy Sunday, evangelist, wants to wind up his career in Chicago, where he started on the road to fame. He has opened negotiations to rent the old West Side ball park for a year, beginning Jan. 1, and if he is successful, a mammoth tabernacle will be erected there for the meetings.

Sentimental reasons urged Billy Sunday to select the old Cub park. Years ago, when "Capt." Anson was manager of the Chicago club, Billy Sunday was his right fielder. Even then Sunday had a leaning toward the career which he later took up in earnest.

In those days Billy Sunday was one of the fastest runners in baseball. His speed was proverbial. Recently, Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the White Sox, told how he remembered Billy Sunday as a ball player and how popular he was with both players and fans.

"He was an earnest fellow," said Comiskey. "Somebody once asked me if Billy Sunday played Sunday ball when he was in the majors. I said he did not, for we didn't play on Sundays then."

The plan of the committee is to have the big tabernacle erected and ready by June or July 1 at the latest. That will give Billy Sunday about six months for what is expected to be his final campaign on the platform.

He is in great demand in large cities all over the country, but evidently believes that his work is nearing its end. It doubtless would be of vast satisfaction to the evangelist to make this final campaign his greatest one.

DRIVES 11 MILES FOR MAIL; REFUSES DELIVERY SERVICE

Frank Nichols lives on route No. 5, out of Smith Center, Kas. For years Nichols has stubbornly refused to have his mail come by carrier, although a route runs right by his door.

Each Saturday he makes the 11-mile drive from home and gets his mail out of the postoffice there.

He insists the carrier system is an unnecessary expense to the government and that it is putting false and injurious notions into the rising generations on the farms.

SAYS WILSON HAS NEW ARMY PLAN

Navy League Claims President Will Advocate Universal Military Service.

President Wilson will advocate universal military training, carrying with it so far as necessary universal military service, says the United States Navy League.

Sea Power, the official organ of the league, will say, in an editorial, in its December number:

"We have information coming from a source which forbids doubt that the President is today more firmly, more earnestly convinced of the need of preparedness than he has been at any other time.

"Not, therefore, as those who have his confidence, but rather as those who have been obliged to be, to some extent, his opponents and critics, we now feel it proper to predict that the people will find that Mr. Wilson is determined to carry out the three-year navy program to the very limit of the letter and spirit of the law.

"Further, we feel justified in asserting that the President knows as well as do the army and the militia that the Hay bill has proven a complete failure. The President believed in it to the extent of giving it a fair trial.

"He has, we believe, drawn his own conclusions, and he will, we think, recommend to congress to do away with the militia system and to substitute substantially those measures which the friends of preparedness have heretofore vainly urged upon him.

Sees Action at Early Date.

"Even over and beyond this, we venture to predict that the country will soon find that the President's study of the situation has led him to believe that those who favored the general military training of all competent men of military age were right, and we expect that during the coming session he will advocate what is customarily called universal training, carrying with it, so far as necessary, universal military service."

T. R. Favors Universal Plan.

Lieut. Gen. S. B. M. Young, retired, made public last week a letter from Theodore Roosevelt, saying:

"I most cordially and emphatically approve your efforts, as president of the association for national service, to secure the passage of a law making it obligatory upon every male American citizen between the age of 18 and 21 to serve six months or a year—as the case may demand—in the field with the colors.

"I believe no one should be allowed to vote who has not thus served—poltroons and professional pacificists are out of place in a free republic."

THIEF GIVES HIS CODE OF 33 YEARS' SUCCESS

Joseph Anderson of New Jersey, who is 42 years old, has been a thief since he was nine and declares he is not sorry for it.

He is now in prison. He gave his professional code, which he says he has always lived up to. It is:

Never break a pane of glass to enter a house.

Never jimmy a window.

Never carry a revolver.

Never rob a poor man.

He added that he had never smoked or drank and his habits were good, except his stealing.

ALLIES CANCEL WAR CONTRACTS

Entente Powers Are Now in a Position to Manufacture Their Own Munitions.

England and France will no longer purchase munitions of war from the United States. Efforts are now being made to secure cancellation of previous contracts for arms and ammunition placed by Great Britain and France in this country.

Hereafter England will be able to manufacture for the British Isles and Canada all supplies needed in the war with Germany except in cases of necessity.

These facts have become known in New York through sources in close touch with commissioners of the British government supervising contracts and the purchase of munitions in this country.

War Orders Held Up.

Attempts made by representatives of Great Britain and France in this country looking towards cancellation of all munition orders have progressed to such an extent that war orders are now held in abeyance in several of the American factories.

An order for 2,000,000 rifles formerly placed with the Midvale Steel & Ordnance Co., and later distributed to various plants of the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., has already been canceled.

The tentative release of the British government by the Midvale Steels & Ordnance Co., which was originally part of the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co., involves contracts aggregating $60,000,000, covering two million rifles.

This does not include other large rifles, bayonets and cartridge orders placed with the Remington Arms & Ordnance Co. and other plants throughout the country.

Will Pay Cash Forfeits.

It is a credited fact that agents of commission will reimburse the Midvale company for cash up to perhaps $10,000,000 which has gone into the Remington Arms & Ammunition Co.'s operations. It is not known what provision is made for the $20,000,000 capital investment made by the Midvale in acquisition of the Remington Arms Co. Midvale is to get a specific per rifle profit on all rifles above 1,000,000 which may be manufactured at the Remington plant at Eddystone, Pa., which will be controlled by the British commission.

From representatives of rifle making factories, resident in New York, it is substantiated that shipments of French rifles have practically ceased, these orders being held in abeyance against efforts of that government to secure cancellation during the last three months.

Other Orders on the Way.

It is a credited fact that agents of the Remington Arms Union Metallic companies in various other countries of the globe are prepared to send orders for manufacture here as soon as the work on the present contracts has slackened up sufficiently to permit additional orders being executed.

Even failing the receipt of munition orders for which the huge factory is at present well equipped, the possession of several big automobile and bicycle businesses recently purchased by the Marcellus-Harley-Dodge interests can at once be diverted to New York and, with the change of adapters now utilized on all the standard machinery, the plant would keep in constant and profitable operation.

Nuxated Iron to Make New Age of Beautiful Women and Vigorous Iron Men

Say Physicians — Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Power Into the Veins of Men—It Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous, "Rundown" Folks 200 Per Cent in Two Weeks' Time.

A Wonderful Discovery Which Promises to Mark a New Era in Medical Science

New York, N. Y.—Since the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over five million persons daily are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that well-known doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous iron men.

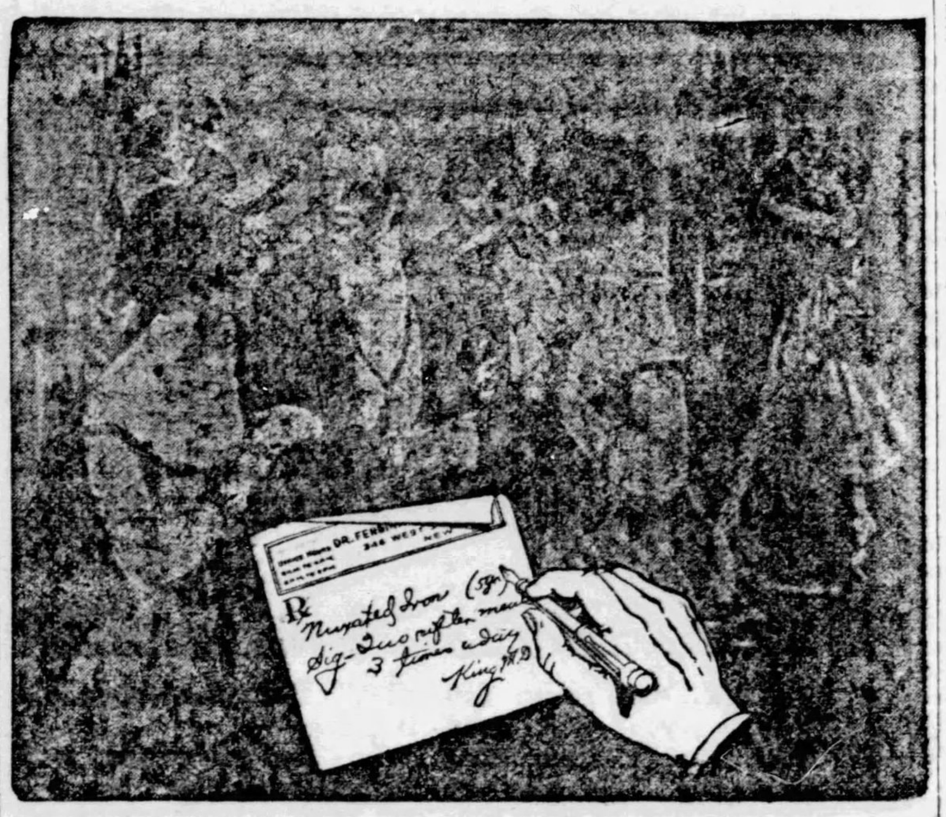
Dr. King, a New York physician and author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn-meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. Sauer, who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care worn and nearly all in. Now, at fifty, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."



Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, another New York physician, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it, I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists. —Advertising.

Turn Alaskans From Barbarism to Civilization

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE.

it was only because the boots were of the kind used by the Eskimos that we were able to eat them. Boots made of teather tanned and dressed in the ordinary way could not be eaten. The boots we had were of sealskin dried without tanning. They reached to our knees and contained quite a good deal of hide. Our first experiment with them was not a success. They had been greased night after night and the oil had turned rancid. The taste was such that it was impossible to swallow or chew the skin. At last we tried boiling it and then toasting it. The toasting took away some of the taste, and after that we were able to consume them. With the exception of a few bits, we had eaten two pairs of boots when we were found." The bishop showed me some of the pieces left over which he has kept as a relic. They are as black as ink and look like vulcanized rubber.

I was interested in the diary which the bishop had kept describing the journey. Here is an extract from the record of the day they were found:

"Thursday, October 21, 1909—Breakfast off sealskin boots, soles and tops, boiled and toasted. Soles better than uppers. Soup from small scraps of bacon and scrapings of the flour barrel. The last we have. Tired. Hands sore. Took a long time to pack up. Concluded we were in the Peel river country. Heard children's voices in the distance and then saw houses on left hand about a mile ahead. We stopped and thanked God for bringing us to human habitation."

During that trip the bishop had started out to the Eskimos in May, leaving Mrs. Stringer at Dawson. He was then on his way home. He staid only a fortnight to rest and recuperate and then walked 800 miles to rejoin his family.

NEW GERMAN PLANE HAS 127-MILE SPEED

"The latest type of German aeroplane has developed a speed greater than any other German flying machine," said Philip Scott recently. He has just returned to this country after spending a year in the experimental laboratories of Professor Hugo Jenkins, at Aachen and Dessau. Mr. Scott said that the new machines, equipped with Junkers engines, have shown a speed of 127 miles an hour, exceeding the best time made by the famous Fokker fighting aeroplanes, which attained a maximum of 114 miles an hour.

CRUSHING RUMANIA GERMANY'S PRESENT HOPE

LESS than three months after she entered the war Rumania finds her life threatened by Germany's mighty military steam roller. The past week was one of reverses for King Ferdinand's army. The tide of battle flowed strongly against his forces. At the end of the week, however, came the announcement that they had slipped out of German traps set for them.

Right now Rumania faces the biggest offensive in all the European war. Bulgarian, Russian and even Rumanian capitals showed the following movements:

Von Falkenhayn's flanking movement operating out of Craiova, Orsova, Turnu-Severin and from south of Rothenburn Pass.

A new menacing movement from three points along the Danube, by Bulgarians—Sofia claiming success.

A vigorous thrust northwestward across the Danube in Dobrudja, engineered by Field Marshal von Mackensen—Berlin claimed successfully launched.

In addition to these there is apparently no let up in the pressure to be expected from Hungary southward on the Transylvania Alps.

Rumanian Resistance Broken.

Friday brought news that Orsova and Turnu Severin had been captured from the Rumanians by Gen. von Falkenhayn's Austro-German army.

All Rumanian resistence in the western part of the Rumanian kingdom has been smashed. Orsovo and Turnu Severin both line on the Danube, and jointly control the Iron Gate as the Danube is known at the point where it bends sharply where the borders of Hungary, Serbia and Rumania touch. Orsova is in Hungary and Turnu Severin is in Rumania.

Both are also important from a military sense because they are upon the main line railroad that runs westward from Bucharest into Austria-Hungary.

Orsova was taken by the Rumanians when they invaded Transylvania and was strongly fortified. Its doom was sealed when von Falkenhayn's army captured Caraiova.

Railroad Line Cut.

The victory of the allies in Monastir, in Macedonia, has been pushed into the background by the German drive which took the Austro-German lines nearly 50 miles into the western part of Rumania.

Austro-German forces cut the Orsova-Craiova railroad, the only railway line running through Rumania from the east to west. This advance menaces the Rumanian army on the line stretching along the Danube in a southeasterly direction from Orsova, and will probably compel its retreat. A retirement of this force will open the way for a brand new invasion of Rumania from Bulgaria, by way of Vidin or Rahova.

The progress of the Austro-Germans in northeastern Rumania is much more difficult. The Rumanians and Russians have massed the bulk of their armies in that zone to prevent Rumania being cut off from Russia.

More Villages Taken.

On the northern end of the Alt line where the Teutonic armies have been pressing down from Rothenthurm pass further inroads on the Rumanian defenses have been effected, according to Berlin, which records the capture of several villages, despite a strong effort by the Rumanians to retain them. The Petrograd statement admits a Rumanian retreat here. On the frontier of Moldavia the Germans report the repulse of a Russ-Rumanian offensive movement in the Gyergyo mountains.

The Rumanian forces which were operating in the Orsova region evidently have retreated into the mountains northeast of Turnu Severin, as Berlin reports Rumanian battalions there "cut off from the main army." They are still making stubborn resistence, the German statement says, but apparently they have no recourse but ultimate surrender to escape extinction.

In eastern Rumania, the mighty jaws of the military vice are closing with inexorable pressure. Von Mackensen's army of Germans, Bulgarians and Turks has crossed the Danube near Zimnitza, 70 miles southwest of Bucharest, for a direct drive on the Rumanian capital, and is now fighting on the soil of old Rumania.

Gloomy Forebodings.

Although British military experts will not admit that Rumania is doomed to the same fate as Belgium and Serbia, predictions of a gloomy character was made. The Daily Mail declares emphatically that the military situation for the allies in Rumania is critical.

That the sledgehammer blows of von Falkenhayn and von Mackensen will compel King Ferdinand to sue for peace before his country is completely overrun is the intimation contained in a dispatch from Rumania. Apparently the Russians are dissatisfied with the showing made by the Rumanian army.

Germany's Only Chance.

The present German movements against Rumania are the most interesting that have been made in many months. The Rumanian front is the only mobile front in any theatre of the present war. It also is the only point where Germany is on the defensive. Here, then, lies her present, if not her only hope. On all other fronts trench warfare is the rule, with nobody getting anywhere.

In the west the Teutons limit their efforts to resisting the attacks of the Anglo-French armies and in making much counter attacks as are made necessary. There is no German offensive here and probably never will be again. It seems that Germany gave up for good and all the offensive in the west when von Falkenhayn was removed and Field Marshal von Hindenburg was made chief of staff.

Macedonia Up to Bulgars.

So far as the Germans are concerned, the Salonika front presents a situation similar to that in France and Belgium. The defense of this front has been entrusted largely to Bulgaria. Germany has nothing to fear by the loss of Monastir, or, for that matter, of all of Macedonia. It is a Bulgarian question.

Military experts divide the campaign against Rumania into three phases. The first was Mackensen's operation in Dobrudja, by which the gateway to Bulgaria was closed and Rumania almost entirely neutralized by the loss of Constanta and Cernavoda and by the destruction of the bridge at the latter place.

After the Cernavoda bridge fell Mackensen was completely neutralized in Dobrudja. He was shut up and hemmed in by the Danube and the Black sea, with a large force, while Germany was in absolute need of men.

And here the Rumanians made a mistake. Mackensen was a menace to nothing, but instead of letting him alone and turning their attention to the Germans coming from the west, they wasted men in fighting him.

Mackensen's first step, then, may be regarded as the first phase of the German offensive against Rumania, and resulted in the neutralization of Rumania to the extent of closing the gateway by which, and by which alone, an invasion of Bulgaria was possible.

The second phase of these operations is the breaking down of the resistance at the passes and the taking of sufficient of them to enable von Falkenhayn to come across the mountains, debouch from the passes and spread out in the plains of the south. This part of the operation has been accomplished.

The third phase of the conquest will be the advance to the point where the forces of von Falkenhayn can link up with those of Mackensen, and a Teuton line be drawn across Rumania which will cut off Moldavia from Greater Wallachia. This is the phase which is now in progress.

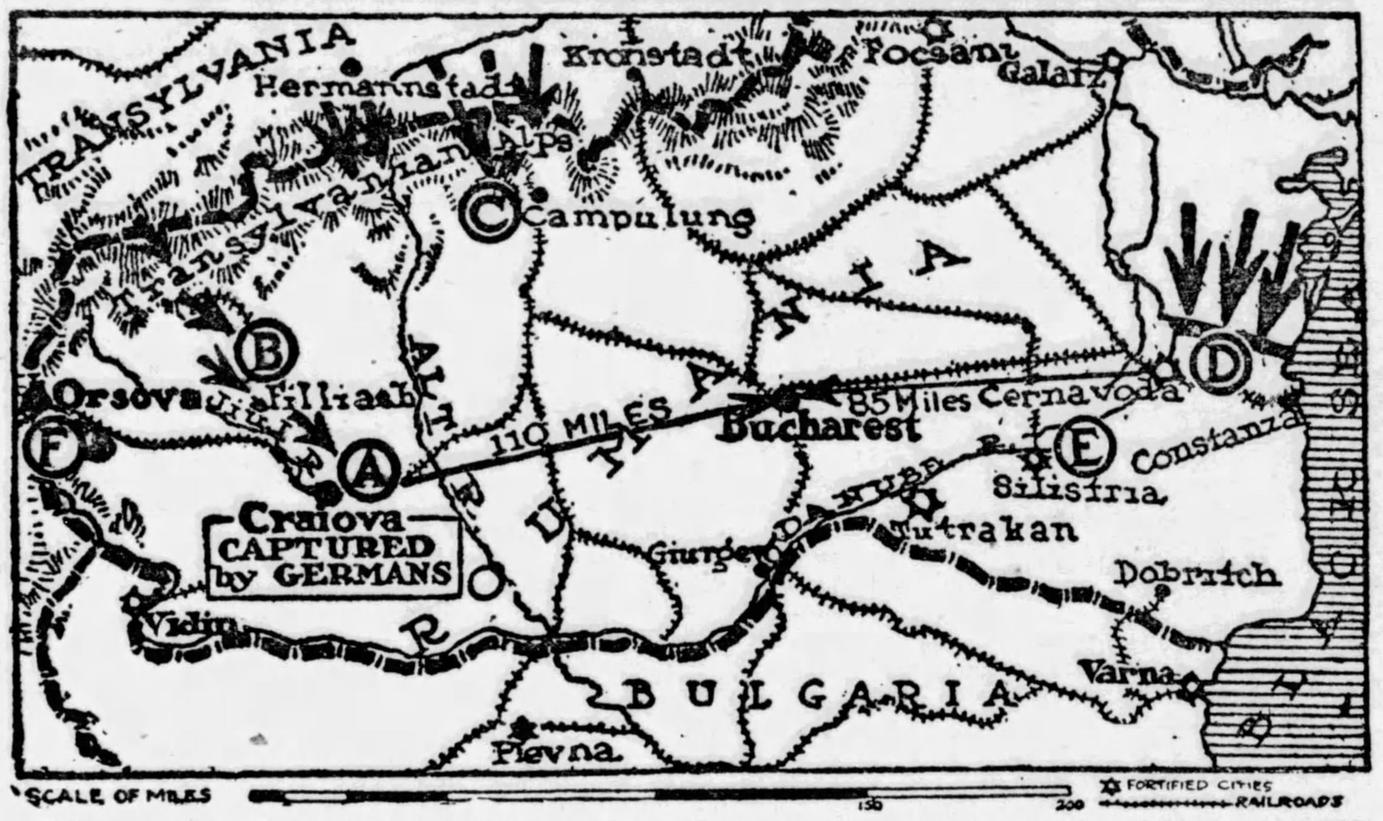
Ultimatum to Greece.

Announcement was made Saturday that the Greek provisional government, composed of followers of former Premier Venizelos, has formally declared war on Germany and Bulgaria.

The entente allies have delivered an ultimatum to Grece requiring delivery of Greek arms and guns, which was demanded recently.

The ultimatum, which comes from Vice Admiral du Fournet, commander of the allied squadron, while allowing only a short period in which the arms now in Athens are to be surrendered, declares willingness to grant a longer time for delivery of war materials in Thessaly and Macedonia. The shortest time allotted is 48 hours and the longest one week.

BATTLE LINES IN RUMANIAN THEATRE OF WAR



This map shows the general strategical situation in Rumania. (A) marks the position of General von Falkenhayn's invading army at Craiova, the important railway center of western Rumania; (B) the railway junction at Filiash, to which the Rumanians retreated after their defeat in the Jiul valley; (C) Campulung, north of which an Austro-German invading column has been held up in desperate fighting; (D) the present position of Field Marshal von Mackensen's army north of the bridgehead at Cernavoda; (E) the Silistria bridgehead, where fighting has been reported, and (F) the Hungarian town of Orsova, occupied by the Rumanians, whose rear is imperiled by the Germans at Craiova.

TURN ALASKAN NATIVES FROM BARBARISM TO CIVILIZATION

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

(Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Holy Cross, Lower Yukon.

THE Indians of Alaska are almost all Christians. For several generations the missionaries have been working among them, and the property and life of the stranger is now safe all the way from Ketchikan to Point Barrow. When the Russians discovered the country the natives were savages; and, 10 years after we took possession Sitka and St. Michael were armed trading posts where the Eskimos were shut out at night that the inhabitants might rest in safety. For years not a single whaler dared to stay overnight at Cape Prince of Wales, and the man who traveled through the wilds took his life in his hands. Today one can go alone by dog sled through any part of Alaska and feel safe.

The mission work has been done by churches of many denominations, and it still going on in all parts of the territory. The Presbyterians have stations at Haines, Sitka and otherwheres in southeastern Alaska, and they are working as far north as Point Barrow on the shores of the Arctic ocean. The Baptists are converting the Indians along Cook inlet and they have an orphanage at Wood Island, near Kodiak. The Methodists have a girls' home at Unga Island, near Unalaska, on the edge of Bering sea, and the Swedish Lutheran church has missions at Yakatat, not far from Cordova, and at Golognin, on the Seward peninsula, and at Unalaklik. The Moravians are doing a great work along the Kuskokwim river and the Catholics and Episcopalians have mission stations in different parts of the Yukon and Tanana basins. There is a Catholic mission at Fort Gibbon, presided over by Father Jeddy, who has been in Alaska almost 20 years, and there are resident Jesuit priests at Juneau, Douglas, Skagway, Ketchikan, Valdez and Fairbanks, as well as at a half dozen stations along the lower Yukon, including Holy Cross, where this letter was written.

Russians Do First Work.

The first mission work done in Alaska was that of the Russians. They began to convert the Indians more than a hundred years ago, and today there are more Greek Christians among the natives of Alaska than either Protestants or Catholics. It is said that the church has more than 10,000 communicants, whereas the Protestants and Catholics have altogether less than 2,000. The Greek church has still something like 60 places of worship scattered over the territory. It has a cathedral at Sitka, a large church at Juneau, and there are mission stations here and there throughout the interior. There is a mission at Anvik, and one at Andreafski, and many Eskimos, Indians and Aleuts believe in that religion.

The Presbyterians have done a great work in Alaska. The board of home missions sent Dr. Sheldon Jackson here about 40 years ago. He established the Indian training schools at Sitka and a girls' home there, and in connection with S. Hall Young and others, organized missions throughout the Alexander archipelago, including those of Wrangell, Sitka, Howkan and Haines. The farthest north mission in Alaska is at Point Barrow. It does work among the whalers and the Eskimos, and has had a great influence in that part of the territory. Altogether the Presbyterians have about 16 churches, of which 12 are for natives. It was Dr. Jackson who did most for the introduction of the reindeer into Alaska and thus established a stock-raising industry, which is making many of the Eskimos and Indians rich.

The Society of Friends is working in the far north. It has three missions about Kotzebue sound, which opens out upon the Arctic ocean. Its school there is one of the largest among the Eskimos and its missions are noted for their excellent work in training men to take care of the reindeer.

The work of the Moravians is remarkable. They are in one of the least known parts of Alaska. Their missions are along the Kuskokwim river and on the west coast. The largest is at Bethel, not far from the mouth of the river, a place until recently reached only by the native kayaks or skin boats. Owing to the work of the coast survey, steamers can now go up the Kuskokwim for hundreds of miles and the mission supplies can come in on large ships. The Bethel mission was established more than 30 years ago. The Moravian missions are doing well with their reindeer. The Eskimos about Bethel have fifteen hundred, and in the last midwinter holidays they had what might be called a reindeer contest or fair. This was to stimulate an interest in all matters connected with deer raising. There were speed contests in loading and lashing sleds and speed races. There were premiums for the best lassoing of an unbroken deer, the best and quickest harnessing and hitching, and in driving deer for a quarter of a mile, a half-mile and longer. At the same fair the men practiced foot races and the women brought in baked bread for prizes. The Moravian missions have now about eight hundred Eskimos among their members. They are said to be doing excellent work.

Work of Catholics.

The Catholic missions are largely managed by the Jesuit Fathers. There are nearly one hundred stations, of which 17 are provided with resident priests. Nineteen of the missions have chapels. There are also a number of schools and several convents. There is an industrial school for Indian boys and an orphanage for Indian girls at Koserefsky, and there are schools for boys and girls here at Holy Cross.

The Holy Cross mission is on the Yukon not far from the mouth of the Innoko river. The place consists of the mission buildings, a postoffice and a large Indian village made up of one-story log cabins. There is no hotel except a steamer which is anchored near the shore and used as such, the guests coming chiefly from the boats going up and down stream.

The Episcopal church is pushing its work in Alaska. It opened a mission and school at Anvik on the Lower Yukon in 1887, and it has steadily extended its operations in the shape of schools, hospitals and churches since then. Some of its work is devoted to the Eskimos and especially that at Point Hope, which is a station on the Arctic ocean above Bering strait. It has a number of stations along the Yukon, six or seven on the Tanana, and quite a number about Prince William sound and in southeastern Alaska. It does much work among the whites as well as among the Indians.

During my stay at Fairbanks I met the Rev. Hope Lumpkin, who is in charge of the mission there. He is editor of the Alaskan Churchman and is the originator, I believe, of the custom of collecting and distributing old magazines to the mining camps. These magazines are sent by people from all over the states to Mr. Lumpkin at Fairbanks. He gets from fifteen to twenty thousand copies a year. The magazines are done up into bundles, each containing some heavy reading and some light reading. The miners call for them and carry them on their prospecting trips over the country. They are said to be of great value during the long, lonely winters, and some men have said that they have been the only thing that stood between them and insanity.

Remarkable Missionaries.

Two of the most remarkable missionaries of Alaska belong to the Episcopalians. The first of these is the Rev. P. T. Rowe, who came here in 1895 as the first bishop of Alaska, and the other is Archdeacon Stuck, noted for his work among the Indians, and also for having been one of the first men to reach the top of Mt. McKinley. Bishop Rowe has done as much, if not more, than any other one man in the christianizing of interior Alaska. He has traveled thousands of miles, now riding on his dog sled and now walking behind it over the trails in his winter journeys in Alaska, and he has visited every navigable part of the country by steamboat and canoe. He goes out with an Indian guide and a team of dogs, and in this way travels many hundreds of miles every winter. He is not only bishop and traveling missionary, but he is also doctor and nurse, and his work is free to all.

Few appreciate the hardships that the missionaries have undergone in these far northern parts of our continent. Take, for instance, Bishop Stringer of the Church of England, now in charge of the work in Yukon territory, with headquarters at Dawson. He is known all over Canada as the bishop who had to eat his boots to keep from starvation. I met him at Dawson, and had a long talk with him, during which, in response to my questions, he gave me some of his experiences in attempting to christianize the Eskimos and Indians.

Bishop Stringer's first work was among the Eskimos. He came from Canada to Hershel Island, which lies in the Arctic ocean not far from the Mackenzie river. It is noted as a whaling station, and in some winters more than 700 whalers live there in order that they may start their business with the first break-up of the ice in the spring. Bishop Stringer's work was among the whalers as well as among the Eskimos. When he came there the latter were the tools of the whalers. They had no sense of property rights, and they were sunken and degraded to a remarkable degree. Through the Christian work of the Hershel mission, the character of the race has practically changed. The most of the Eskimos are now Christians, and they are advancing in civilization.

I asked Bishop Stringer to tell me something about the Eskimos of Canada. He replied:

"About five-sixths of all the Eskimos of the world are in the Canadian Dominion. There are altogether perhaps ten thousand of them. They live along the shores of the Arctic ocean and do not go more than a hundred miles into the interior. Their chief business is fishing and hunting. They sell their skins to the Hudson Bay Co.

"It is astonishing," said Bishop Stringer, "how eager the Eskimos are to become Christians, and what ardent Christians they are. Recently we had two hundred volunteers who asked to be missionaries and who were ready to start upon an expedition of church work that would involve an absence of two years from home."

Bishop Eats Boots.

I asked the bishop to tell me about eating his boots. He replied:

"We did not do that until we were out of all other food. We should have starved had we not eaten them, and

MORAVIAN MISSION STATION, BETHEL ON THE KUKOKWIM.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWELVE.

SYNOPSIS

PHILIP WEYMAN is on his way back to civilization after four years spent in the great North. Going ashore to eat he chances upon the first white woman he has seen for a long time. She asks him to help her out of great trouble and he consents to accompany her back to her home to live there as her husband. The girl, Josephine Adare, tells Philip he must leave her when the time comes. Accompanied by Jean Croisset, a trusted servant who knows the girl's secret, Weyman, as Philip Darcambal, the girl's husband, journeys to Adare House. The actions of Jean and Josephine mystify Philip further.

Philip is partially enlightened when Josephine shows him the baby whose father Philip represents before the girl's parents. The parents return as Philip declares his love to Josephine. A man whom Philip thinks is Jean Croisset, shoots at Philip through the window and the latter goes in pursuit, but the man escapes after a fight. Jean later explains that the stranger is his brother and really intended killing Adare. He then goes in pursuit. Philip talks with Josephine and offers to marry her secretly, but the girl tells him there is something more to prevent than the baby and informs Philip that he must leave Adare House in a month.

After Philip makes friends with Josephine's pack of dogs who are trained to protect her, Adare tells him of the high regard in which the girl is held by the natives. Jean returns to Adare House wounded and exhausted. He tells Philip that he may have a chance to fight and that there is hope for him as their first plans have gone awry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

For a few minutes Philip stood without moving. Jean's return and the strange things he had said had worked like sharp wine in his blood. He was breathing quickly. He was afraid that his appearance just now would betray the mental excitement which he must hide. He drew back deeper into the shadow of the wall and waited, and while he waited he thought of Jean. It was not the old Jean that had returned this night, the Jean with his silence, his strange repression, the mysterious something that had seemed to link him with an age-old past. Out of that spirit had risen a new sort of man—the fighting man. He had seen a new fire in Jean's eyes and face; he had caught new meaning in his words. Jean was no longer the passive Jean—waiting, watching, guarding. Out in the forest something had happened to rouse in him what a word from Josephine would set flaming in the savage breasts of her dogs. And the excitement in Philip's blood was the thrill of exultation—the joy of knowing that action was close at hand, for deep in him had grown the belief that only through action could Josephine be freed for him.

Suddenly, softly, there came floating to him the low, sweet tones of the piano, and then, sweeter still, the voice of Josephine. Another moment and Miriam's voice had joined her in a song whose melody seemed to float like that of spirit-voices through the thick fog walls of Adare House. He moved soundlessly toward the room where they were waiting for him, a deeper flush mounting into his face now. He opened the door without being heard, and looked in.

Josephine was at the piano. The great lamp above her head flooded her in a mellow light in which the rich masses of her hair shimmered in a glorious golden glow. His heart beat with the knowledge that she had again dressed for him tonight. Her white neck was bare. In her hair he saw for a second time a red rose. For a space he saw no one but her. Then his eyes turned for an instant to Miriam. She was standing a little back, and it seemed to him that he had never seen her so beautiful. Against the wall, in a great chair, sat the master of Adare, his bearded chin in the palm of his hand, looking at the two with a steadiness of gaze that was more than adoration. Philip entered. Still he was unheard. He stood silent until the song was finished, and it was Josephine, turning, who saw him first.

Adare started, as if wakening from a dream. Josephine came to Philip, holding out both her hands, her beautiful face smiling with welcome. Even as their warm touch thrilled him he felt a sudden chill creep over him. A swift glance showed him that Adare had gone to Miriam. Instead of words of greeting, he whispered low in Josephine's ear:

"I would have come sooner, but I have been with Jean. He returned, and he says that he must see you within an hour, and that your father must not know. He is in my room. You must get away without rousing suspicion."

Her fingers gripped his tightly. The soft glow in her eyes faded away. A look of fear leaped into them and her face went suddenly white. He drew her nearer, until her hands were against his breast.

"Don't look like that," he whispered. "Nothing can hurt you. Nothing in the world. See—I must do this to bring your color back, or they will guess something is wrong!"

He bent and kissed her on the lips.

Adare's voice burst out happily:

"Good boy, Philip! Don't be bashful when we're around. That's the first time I've seen you kiss your wife!"

There was none of the white betrayal in Josephine's cheeks now. They were the color of the rose in her hair. She had time to look up into Philip's face, and whisper with a laughing break in her voice:

"Thank you, Philip,. You have saved me again."

With Philip's hand in hers she turned to her father and mother.

"Philip wants to scold me, Mon Pere," she said. "And I cannot blame him. He has seen almost nothing of me today."

"And I have been scolding Miriam because they have given me no chance with the baby," rumbled Adare. "I have seen him but twice today—the little beggar! And both times he was asleep. But I have forced them to terms, Philip. From tomorrow I am to have him as much as I please. When they want him they will find him in the big room."

Josephine led Philip to her mother, who had seated herself on one of the divans.

"I want you to talk with Philip, Mikawe," she said. "I have promised father that he should have a peep at the baby. I will bring him back very soon."

Philip seated himself beside Miriam as Adare and Josephine left the room. He noticed that her hair was dressed like Josephine's, and that in the soft depths of it was partly buried a rose.

"Do you know—I sometimes think that I am half dreaming," he said. "All this seems too wonderful to be true—you, and Josephine, almost a thousand miles out of the world. Even flowers like that which you wear in your hair — hot-house flowers!"

There was a strange sweetness in Miriam's smile, a smile softened by something that was almost pathetic, a touch of sadness.

"That is the one thing we keep alive out of the world I used to know—roses," she said. "The first roots came from my babyhood home, and we have grown them here for more than 20 years. Of course Josephine has shown you our little hot-house?"

"Yes," lied Philip. Then he added, finding her clear eyes resting on him steadily. "And you have never grown lonesome up here?"

"Never. I am sorry that we ever went back into that other world, even for a day. This has been paradise. We always have been happy. And you?" she asked suddenly. "Do you sometimes wish for that other world?"

"I have been out of it for four years — with the exception of a short break. I never want to go back. Josephine has made my paradise, as you have made another man's."

He fancied, as she turned her face from him, that he heard a little catch in her breath. But she faced him quickly.

"We have been happy. No woman in the world has been hapiper than I. And you—four years? In that time you have not heard much music. Shall I play for you?"

She rose and went to the piano without waiting for him to reply. Philip leaned back and partly closed his eyes as she began to play. The spell of music held him silent, and neither spoke until Josephine and her father returned. Philip did not catch the laughing words Adare turned to his wife. In the door Josephine had stopped. To his surprise she was dressed in her red coat and hood, and her feet were moccasined. She made a quick little signal to him.

"I am ready, Philip," she said.

He arose, fearing that his tongue might betray him if he replied to her in words. Adare came unwittingly to his assistance.

"You'll get used to this before the winter is over, Philip," he exclaimed banteringly. "Metoosin once called Josephine 'Wapikunoo' — the White Owl, and the name has stuck ever since. I haven't known Mignone to miss a walk on a moonlit winter night since I can remember. But I prefer my airings in the day. Eh, Miriam?"

"And there is no moon tonight," laughed his wife.

"Hush—but there is Philip!" whispered Adare loudly. 'It may be that our Josephine will prefer the darker nights after this. Can you remember——"

Josephine was pulling Philip through the door, laughing back over her shoulder. As soon as they were in the hall she caught his arm excitedly.

"Let us hurry to your room," she urged. "You can dress and slip out unseen, leaving Jean and me alone. You are sure—he wants to see me—alone?"

There was a tremble in her voice now.

"Yes."

They came to his door and he tapped on it lightly. Instantly it was opened. Josephine stared at Jean as she darted in.

'Jean—you have something to tell me?" she whispered, no longer hiding the fear in her face. "You must see me—alone?"

"Oui, M'selle," murmured Jean, turning to Philip. "M'sieur Philip can arrange for us to be alone."

"I will be gone in a moment," said Philip hastily beginning to put on heavier garments. "Lock the door, Jean. It will not do to be interrupted now."

When he was ready Josephine went to him, her eyes shining softly. Jean turned to the window.

"You—your faith in me is beautiful," she said gratefully, so low that only he could hear her. "I don't deserve it, Philip."

For a moment he pressed her hand, his face telling her more than he could trust his lips to speak. Jean heard him turn the key in the lock, and he turned quickly.

"I have thought it would be better for you to go out by the window, M'sieur."

"You are right," agreed Philip, relocking the door.

Jean raised the window. As Philip dropped himself outside the half-breed said:

"Go no farther than the edge of the forest, M'sieur. We will turn the light low and draw the curtain. When the curtain is raised again return to us as quickly as you can. Remember, M'sieur—and go no farther than the edge of the forest."

The window dropped behind him, and he turned toward the dark wall of spruce. There were six inches of fresh snow on the ground, and the clouds were again drifting out of the sky. Here and there a star shone through, but the moon was only a pallid haze beyond the gray-black thickness above. In the first shelter of the spruce and balsam Philip paused. He found himself a seat by brushing the snow from a log, and lighted his pipe. Steadily he kept his eyes on the curtained window. What was happening there now? To what was Josephine listening in these tense minutes of waiting?

Even as he stared through the darkness to that one lighter spot in the gloom he knew that the world was changing for the woman he loved. He believed Jean, and he knew Jean was now telling her the story of that day and the preceding night —the story which he had said would destroy the hopes she had built up, throw their plans into ruin, perhaps even disclose to him the secret which they had been fighting to hide. What could that story be? And what effect was it having on Josephine? The minutes passed slowly—with an oppressive slowness. Three times he lighted matches to look at his watch. Five minutes passed—ten, fifteen. He rose from the log and paced back and forth, making a beaten path in the snow. It was taking Jean a long time to tell the story!

And then, suddenly, a flood of light shot out into the night. The curtain was raised! It was Jean's signal to him, and with wildly beating heart he responded to it.

CHAPTER XIX.

The window was open when Philip came to it, and Jean was waiting to give him an assisting hand. The moment he was in the room he turned to look at Josephine. She was gone. Almost angrily he whirled on the half-breed, who had lowered the window, and was now drawing the curtain. It was with an effort that he held back the words on his lips. Jean saw that effort, and shrugged his shoulders with an appreciative gesture.

"It is partly my fault that she is not here, M'sieur," he explained. "She would have told you nothing of what has passed between us—not as much, perhaps as I. She will see you in the morning."

"And there's damned little consolation at the present moment in that," gritted Philip, with clenched hands. "Jean—I'm ready to fight now! I feel like a rat must feel when it is cornered. I've got to jump pretty soon—in some direction—or I'll bust. It's impossible——"

Jean's hand fell softly upon his arm.

"M'sieur, you would cut off this right arm if it would give you Josephine?"

"I'd cut off my head!" exploded Philip.

"Do you remember that it was only a few hours ago that I said she could never be yours in this world?" Croisset reminded him, in the same quiet voice. "And now, when even I say there is hope, can you not make me have the confidence in you that I must have—if we win?"

Philip's face relaxed. In silence he gripped Jean's hand.

"And what I am going to tell you —a thing which Josephine would not say if she were here, is this, M'sieur," went on Jean. "Before you left us alone in this room I had a doubt. Now I have none. The great fight is coming. And in that fight all the spirits of Kisamunito must be with us. You will have fighting enough. And it will be such fighting as you will remember to the end of your days. But until the last word is said —until the last hour, you must be as you have been. I repeat that. Have you faith enough in me to believe?"

'Yes, I believe,' said Philip. "It seems inconceivable, Jean — but I believe."

Jean moved to the door.

"Good night, M'sieur," he said.

"Good night, Jean."

For a few moments after Croisset had left him Philip stood motionless. Then he locked the door. Until he was alone he did not know what a restraint he had put upon himself. Jean's words, the mysterious developments of the evening, the half promise of the fulfillment of his one great hope—had all worked him into a white heat of unrest. He knew that he could not stay in his room, that it would be impossible for him to sleep. And he was not in a condition to rejoin Adare and his wife. He wanted to walk—to find relief in physical exertion. Of a sudden his mind was made up. He extinguished the light. Then he reopened the window, and dropped out into the night again.

He made his way once more to the edge of the forest. He did not stop this time, but plunged deeper into its gloom. Moon and stars were beginning to lighten the white waste ahead of him. He knew he could not lose himself, as he could follow his own trail back. He paused for a moment in the shelter of a spruce to fill his pipe and light it. Then he went on. Now that he was alone he tried to discover some key to all that Jean had said to him.

After all, his first guess had not been so far out of the way; it was a physical force that was Josephine's deadliest menace. What was this force? How could he associate it with the baby back in Adare House? Unconsciously his mind leaped to Thoreau, the Free Trader, as a possible solution, but in the same breath he discarded that as unreasonable. Such a force as Thoreau and his gang would be dealt with by Adare himself, or the forest people: There was something more. Vainly he racked his brain for some possible enlightenment.

He walked ten minutes without noting the direction he was taking when he was brought to a standstill with a sudden shock. Not 20 paces from him he heard voices. He dodged behind a tree, and an instant later two figures hurried past him. A cry rose to his lips, but he choked it back One of the two was Jean. The other was Josephine!

For a moment he stood staring after them, his hand clutching at the bark of the tree. A feeling that was almost physical pain swept over him as he realized the truth. Josephine had not gone to her room. He understood now. She had purposely evaded him that she might be alone in the forest with Jean. Three days before Philip would not have thought so much of this. Now it hurt. Josephine had given him her love, yet in spite of that she was placing a greater confidence in the half-breed than in him. This was what hurt—at first. In the next breath his overwhelming faith in her returned to him. There was some tremendous reason for her being here with Jean. What was it? He stepped out from behind the tree as he stared after them.

His eyes caught the pale glow of something that he had not seen before. It was a campfire, the illumination of it only faintly visible deeper in the forest. Toward this Josephine and Jean were hurrying. A low exclamation of excitement broke from his lips as a still greater understanding dawned upon him. His hand trembled. His breath came quickly. In that camp there waited for Josephine and Croisset those who were playing the other half of the game in which he had been given a blind man's part. He did not reason or argue with himself. He accepted the fact. And no longer with hesitation his hand fell to his automatic, and he followed swiftly after Josephine and the half-breed.

He began to see what Jean had meant. In the room he had simply prepared Josephine for this visit. It was in the forest—and not in Adare House, that the big test of the night was to come.

It was not curiosity that made him follow them now. More than ever he was determined to keep his faith with Jean and the girl, and he made up his mind to draw only near enough to give assistance if it should become necessary. Roused by the conviction that Josephine and the half-breed were not making this mysterious tryst without imperilling themselves, he stopped as the campfire burst into full view, and examined his pistol. He saw figures about the fire. There were three, one sitting, and two standing. The fire was not more than a hundred yards ahead of him, and he saw no tent. A moment later Josephine and Jean entered the circle of fireglow, and the sitting man sprang to his feet. As Philip drew nearer he noticed that Jean stood close to his companion, and that the girl's hand was clutching his arm. He heard no word spoken, and yet he cold see by the action of the man who had been sitting that he was giving orders to the others which took them away from the fire, deeper into the gloom of the forest.

Seventy yards from the fire Philip dropped breathlessly behind a cedar log and rested his arm over the top of it. In his hand was his automatic. It covered the spot of gloom into which the two men had disappeared. If anything should happen —he was ready.

In the fire-shadows he could not make out distinctly the features of the third man. He was not dressed like the others. He wore knickerbockers and high laced boots. His face was beardless. Beyond these things he could make out nothing more. The three drew close together, and only now and then did he catch the low murmur of a voice. Not once did he hear Jean. For ten minutes he crouched motionless, his eyes shifting from the strange tableau to the spot of gloom where the others were hidden. Then, suddenly, Josephine sprang back from her companions. Jean went to her side. He could hear her voice now, steady and swift—vibrant with something that thrilled him, though he could not understand a word that she was speaking. She paused, and he could see that she was tense and waiting. The other replied. His words must have been brief, for it seemed he could scarcely have spoken when Josephine turned her back upon him and walked quietly out into the forest. For another moment Jean Croisset stood close to the other. Then he followed.

Not until he knew they were safe did Philip rise from his concealment. He made his way cautiously back to Adare House, and re-entered his room through the window. Half an hour later, dressed so that he revealed no evidence of his excursion in the snow, he knocked at Jean's door. The half-breed opened it. He showed some surprise when he saw his visitor.

"I thought you were in bed, M'sieur," he exclaimed. "Your room was dark."

"Sleep?" laughed Philip. "Do you think that I can sleep tonight, Jean?"

"As well as some others, perhaps," replied Jean, offering him a chair. "Will you smoke, M'sieur?"

Philip lighted a cigar, and pointed to the other's moccasined feet, wet with melting snow.

"You have been out," he said. "Why didn't you invite me to go out with you?"

To Be Continued.

XMAS OFFERS FOR CLUB RAISERS

Do you want to know how to get Christmas Presents for your friends without cost? It is easy. Suppose, for instantce, your subscription or club for the Toledo Weekly Blade expires in December. Form a new club at once and get your share of the attractive special premium offers for the month. You will have no trouble forming a club because you know how the Weekly Blade pleases every one into whose home it goes and how it makes a place for itself in the intimate life of the family.

And if you are undecided what to give some of your friends this Christmas here is a splendid suggestion. Give a subscription to the Toledo Weekly Blade. For its small cost it will give the greatest pleasure of anything you can think of. The Weekly Blade is recognized as a fine value in a dollar a year publication. It is one of the fine influences in American life. It is a great source of entertainment, instruction and encouragement, as well as a perfect digest of all the great world's news. There are special departments for the man, the woman, and the young. People in all circumstances, in all parts of the United States praise the Toledo Weekly Blade as America's greatest National periodical. Its honesty is unquestioned. It stands for the best in American life. It fosters the ideal of upright, broad living.

You will be doing your friends a great favor if you either give them subscriptions for the Weekly Blade or include them in your clubs. In addition to this are the attractive offers which we make personally to every club raiser.

The great popularity of The Blade, together with the exceptionally low price, makes it very easy to raise a large club, and as an appreciation for your assistance in helping us to enlarge our list, we offer a variety of useful articles absolutely free. Our premiums for this season are without doubt the most attractive we have ever offered. Every article is of the usual "Blade quality," and, as you know, needs no further recommendation.

We particularly wish to call to your attention our new and beautiful line of Wm. A. Rogers' Silverware in the new Leyland design. This pattern is rich and beautiful in its perfect symmetry and is finished in the tasteful French gray style. All silverware is of the same pattern, so that by raising a few small clubs of subscribers, you can very soon have a complete set. We shall continue to offer Lace Curtains and Lace Bed Sets, because of the increasing demand for these useful household articles.

How to Obtain These Premiums.

We shall be prepared for the majority of our readers to send us clubs of 10 names or more, thereby availing themselves of our liberal proposition. This proposition is not made as a general one to all of our subscribers, as it would be impossible to serve all at once. Therefore this offer is made to December subscribers only, and 30 days later the January subscribers will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month.

THE LATEST MARKETS

Toledo—Wheat suffered a violent decline last week though the market made a partial recovery at the beginning of this week. Cash wheat, which closed the first day of last week at $1.86½, was quoted at $1.79½ on Monday's close this week, a decline of seven cents. The lowest price it dropped to Monday was $1.75¾. The air was full of embargo, peace and submarine talk on Monday of this week. Bears took full advantage of these developments, and were further aided by pressure of December liquidation and lack of export buying. Butter went skyward last week, being quoted 5½ cents higher. Flour prices were still close to the season's top in spite of the sagging wheat market. Fresh eggs are up four cents over the prices the beginning of last week.

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.79½; December $1.79½; May, $1.86½. Corn, cash, 97c; December, 94¼c, May, 95⅞c. Oats, cash, 58c; December, 58c; May, 62c. Cloverseed, cash, $10.65; December $10.65; January, $10.75; February, $10.87; March, $10.87; April, $10.40. Rye, No. 2, cash, $1.51. Alsike, cash, $10.92; December, $10.92; March $11.25. Timothy, cash, $2.55; December $2.55; March, $2.70.

Chicago—Wheat, December, $1.73⅝; May, $1.80¼; July, $1.50. Corn, December, 90c; May, 93⅝c; July, 93⅜c. Oats, December, 55c; May 59⅛c.

Minneapolis — Wheat, December, $1.83½; May, $1.87¼.

Duluth — Wheat, December, $1.84; May, $1.86⅞.

Produce.

Toledo — Butter — Fancy Elgin creamery, one pound prints, 45c; solid pack, 44½c; process, per 20-lb. tubs pails and prints, 36c; 10-lb. tubs, 36½c; oleo, 22½@25c. Cheese—Choice Michigan, 29c; York State, 25c; brick 26@27c; limburger, New York, 2-lb. 26c; Wisconsin, 1-lb., 25c; block Swiss, 32c; domestic Swiss, 38c; imported, 60c; Roquefort, 70c; Longhorn, 24½c. Eggs—Fresh, candled, 43c, strictly fresh, 48c; storage, 38c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 13c; heavy roughs, 11½@12c. Calves, 14@15c Spring lambs, 15@16c. Fowls—Alive, 15c. Turkeys—Alive, 22@24c. Ducks — Alive, 16@17c. Geese—Alive, 15c. Lambs —Yearlings, 12@14c; sheep, 10@12c. Steer Beef—Good, 12@13c; light, 10@11c; cow beef, extra good, 8@10c. Heifers —9@10c. Bulls, 8@9c.

Lard, 18c. Bacon—Fat, 19 1-2c; lean, 25c; wide, 6 to 8-lbs., 22½c; 8 to 10-lbs., 21½c. Barrel Pork—Clear pork, $27.00; hams, sugar cured, 19½c; shoulders, 15c; luncheon sausage, 19c; fresh pork sausage, 16c; bologna, 14 1-2c; frankfurters, 16c; garlic sausage, 14½c; dried beef inside, 26c;

Hides—No. 1, 20c; No. 2, 19c; bulls 16c; green calf, No. 1, 38c; No. 2, 37c; kip, 30c; No. 2 kip, 29c; cured hides, No. 1, 25c; No. 2, 24c; sheep pelts, $1.00@1.50; horse hides, $5.50@6.50.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $14.00; No. 2 timothy, $12.50; light mixed, $13.00; No. 1 mixed, $12.00; No. 1 clover hay, $12.00; oat straw, $8.00.

Flour, feed and salt—Spring wheat flour, per bbl., $11.25@11.75; winter patents, $10.25@10.75 per bbl.; family flour, $9.00@9.25 per bbl.; graham flour, $4.00 per cwt. Purina whole wheat, per bbl., $10.25. Mill feed—Per ton, bran, $32.00@34.00; brown middlings, $36.00@37.00; white middlings, $38.00@40.00; coarse meal, $2.25 per cwt.; chop feed, $40.00; old process meal, $46.00@48.00; union grains, $36.00 @38.00. Cottonseed meal, $46.00@48.00. Straw, (buying price)—Tight pressed, per ton, $5.00@6.00; loose, bale, 25c. Corn—Shelled, bu., $1.10@1.20; old corn, $1.40 per cwt.; new, $1.10. Oats—60@65c.

Corn Meal—New, kiln dried, 100 lbs. $2.40@2.60. Salt—Michigan common, $1.25 per bbl.; Retsof packing per ton, $8; salt, per bag, 90c; lump stock salt, $21.00 per ton. Scratch feed — 100 lbs., $2.50@2.75; beef scrap, 100 lbs., $3.00@3.25; 60 per cent tankage, $2.85 per 100 lbs.

Chicago—Butter, firm; creamery, 36 @42c. Eggs, steady; receipts, 2,524 cases; market unchanged. Potatoes, lower; receipts, 58 cars; Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota white, $1.50@1.65; Minnesota and Dakota Ohios, $1.50@1.60; Idaho and Washington white, $1.65@1.75. Poultry, alive, higher; fowls, 15c; springs, 17c; turkeys, 27c.

Cleveland—Butter, creamery, extras in solids, 45@45½c; prints, 45@46; firsts, 41½@42c; seconds, 40½@41c; process, extras, 37@38c; do. seconds, 35@36; dairy extras, 39@42; packing stock, No. 1, 34c; No. 2, 32c. Oleomargarine, high grade, natural color, in one-pound prints, 24c; natural color, low grade, 17½c; white, high grade, 22c; low grade, 18c; pastry, 17c; bakeall, 17c; solid basis. Cheese—American, whole milk, fancy twins and flats, 24@25c; brick, fancy, 24@25c; Swiss, fancy, 30@32c; blocks, 27@28c; limburger, 24@25c. Eggs, free cases, current receipts, 41c; do., seconds, 35c; cold storage, extras, 38c; do., firsts, 36c. Poultry—Live fowls, heavy 17@17½c; do., light, 13@15c; spring chickens, 17@17½c; ducks, 17@19c; geese, heavy fat, 17@18c; light, thin, 14@15c; turkeys, 27@28c. Rabbits, $2.50@2.75 per dozen. Potatoes, choice white (jobbing, in sacks), $1.90 a bu.; No. 2, $1.80. Sweet potatoes, Virginia, $3.25 @3.50; do., $1.35@1.40 a hamper.

New York—Flour, quiet; spring patents, $9.40@9.65; winter patents, $8.50 @8.90; winter straights, $8.30@8.85; Kansas straights, $9.40@9.65. Pork, steady; mess, $31.50@32.00; family, $32.00@34.00; short clear, $29.00@31.00. Beef, quiet; mess, $23.00@23.50; family, $25.50@27.00. Lard, firm; middle west, $17.10@17.20. Molasses, steady; New Orleans open kettle, 40@50c. Hay, steady; No. 1, $1.20; No. 2, $1.10; No. 3, $1.00; shipping, 80@85c. Hides, steady; Bogota, 44@45c; Central America, 44c. Leather, firm; hemlock, firsts, 57c; seconds, 55c.

Butter, firm; receipts, 3,451 tubs; creamery, higher than extras, 43@43½c; creamery extras (92 score,) 42@42½c; firsts, 39@41½c; seconds, 37@38½c. Eggs, firm; receipts, 3,560 cases; fresh gathered, extra fine, 49@50c; extra firsts, 47@48c; firsts, 44@46c; seconds, 39@43c; nearby hennery, white, fine to fancy, 63@65c; do., browns, 50@55c. Cheese, firm; receipts, 1.415 boxes; state, whole milk, flats, fresh specials, 24½@25½c; do., average fancy, 23½@24c. Poultry—Live turkeys, firm at 30c, otherwise quiet and prices not established; dressed, firm; chickens, 24 @31c; fowls, 16@23c; turkeys, 25@34c.

Live Stock

Chicago — Hogs — Receipts, 51,000; market strong, 10@15c above Saturday's average; bulk, $9.40@10.15; light, $8.80@8.95; mixed, $9.40@10.25; heavy, $9.70@10.35; rough, $9.70@9.95; pigs, $6.50@8.50. Cattle — Receipts, 19,000; market strong; native beef steers, $6.50@12.05; western steers, $6.60@10.20; stockers and feeders, $4.60@7.70; cows and heifers, $3.65@9.75; calves, $9.00@12.75. Cheep—Receipts, 26,000; market weak; wethers, $8.00@8.90; lambs, $9.25 @12.10.

Pittsburgh—Cattle—Receipts, 2,600; market active. Hogs—Receipts, 10,500; market active; prime heavies, $10.25@10.35; heavy mixed, $10.10@10.20; medium, $9.20@10.00; heavy yorkers, $9.60@9.90; light yorkers, $9.25@9.50; pigs, $8.75@9.00; roughs, $7.50@9.40. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 5,000; steady; top sheep, $8.35; top lambs, $11.70. Calves—Receipts, 800; steady; good to choice veals, $13.00.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts, 5,200; active; shipping steers, $7.50@ 10.50;; butchers, $6.25@9.00; heafers, $5.00@8.00; cows, $3.50@7.25; bulls, $5.50@7.00; stockers and feeders, $5.25@7.25; fresh cows and springers, slow, $50.00@110. Veals—Receipts, 1,200; active, $4.50@13.00. Hogs—Receipts, 1,600; active; heavy, $10.25@10.40; mixed, $10.00@10.25; yorkers, $10.00@10.15; light yorkers, $8.75@9.75; pigs, $8.50@8.75; roughs, $9.00@9.25; stags, $7.00@8.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6,400; active; lambs, $8.00@12.00; yearlings, $6.50@7.00; wethers, $8.25@8.50; ewes, $4.00@7.75; mixed, $7.00@8.25.

Cleveland—Hogs—Receipts, 6,500; 10 @15c higher; mediums, $10.20@10.25; mixed, $9.90@10.10; yorkers, $9.90; pigs, $8.50. Cattle—Receipts, 60 cars; steady. Sheep—Receipts, 20 cars; steady; top lambs, $11.50. Top calves, $12.50.

Tractor Tips

"We have used a tractor for pulling down trees, pulling stumps, fence posts, and for hauling heavy loads to and from the city," says a writer in Farm and Fireside. "We saw our wood with it and fill silos. During haying time we did the mowing with it and also the raking, using a side-delivery rake. Then we hitched the hay loader behind the wagon. But we found that in haying it was too slow for raking, and, the wheels being so wide, it would press the hay into the ground so that the rake did not pick it up clean. Now we are using horses for mowing and raking, doing the hauling with the tractor.

"My machine is too large and too heavy for such work as cultivating, and horses must be used in that work. Much to my surprise I found it would go in places in soft meadow land and haul out good loads where horses would get mired, and I also thought that in going over a piece of land that was thoroughly harrowed it would tamp down the land so hard that it would be a detriment to the crop. But by using the extension rims I found that it only smoothed down humps, and a man could walk behind the tractor and sink in where the wheels had passed.

"Some people believe that it takes an expert mechanic to operate this machine, but that also is a mistaken opinion. My manager on the farm is anything but a mechanic, and after watching the salesman for the company demonstrate this machine to prospective purchasers for half a day he started right in and ran it very satisfactorily all summer, never having to call on the company for assistance. I don't mean by this that there is no difficulty to be had with a tractor, but our machine hasn't caused us as much worry as horses. It is easier to diagnose a trouble in the machine than it is to diagnose and remedy a disease in the horse.

"As to the cost of operating, it costs us about $1.40 for nine hours, paying 7½c a gallon for kerosene.

"The problem which I consider to be the most material one confronting a prospective purchaser of a tractor is the question of depreciation. My tractor is not sufficiently protected against the dirt and dust which works into all the bearings, and in spite of careful lubrication there is very rapid wear."

Potatoes should be stored in a cool cellar. A temperature of about 35 is good. If they are kept warm enough to sprout badly, a loss of from 10 to 30 bushels per acre in yielding power may result.

Lime on Wheat

Liming is nearly always associated with seeding time; that is, farmers nearly always make their preparations for liming in getting the seed bed, ready for corn or wheat. These are in all probability the ideal times to apply lime to the soil, but since liming is so important in the development of a permanent system of agriculture, profitable results can be secured from winter liming.

During the past season the shortage of cars has made it impossible for farmers to secure their lime during wheat seeding time. However, lime can be applied to the wheat now even easier than during the seeding time. Ground limestone applied at the rate of two to four tons per acre will not injure the growing crop and hydrated or burnt lime injures the crop but slightly; at least nothing in comparison to the results secured where the land needs lime. With alternate freezings and thawings the lime will work into the soil and its benefits secured on the present and succeeding crops; otherwise if not applied to the wheat bed now, the land would have to do without lime for several years possibly until the sod is turned down for corn.

Where lime has been used with heavy applications of fertilizer at the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, yields of 36.75 bushels of wheat per acre have been obtained; where fertilizer was used without lime on check plots only 17.17 bushels of wheat were produced, making the increase due to lime alone of 19.58 bushels per acre. Consider what this would mean with wheat at $1.50 per bushel.

In addition, there have been an average gain for a number of years on limed land of 1,342 pounds of clover hay per acre and 1,481 pounds of timothy hay when used in the rotation.

Director Thorne in making his conclusion says: "Where the land needs lime nothing but lime will satisfy that need and neither fertilizers nor manure will bring the land up to its maximum capacity without the use of lime. In no case has manure nor any combination of fertilizers been able to produce a full yield of wheat without the help of lime."

Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her **FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each** or secure some of the low priced lands in **Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.** This year **wheat is higher** but **Canadian land just as cheap,** so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help **feed the world** by tilling some of her fertile soil **—land similar to that** which during many years **has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre.** Think of the **money you can make** with wheat around **$2 a bushel** and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of **Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming** in Western Canada is **as profitable an industry as grain growing.**

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

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Motor Trucks Help Farmers Get Produce to City Marts

If such authorities as Irving Fisher are correct in their prediction that the cost of living is to go on increasing, even though the war ends, then no other subject is of greater consequence to 100 million Americans than the question how to reduce the expense of food distribution.

Lack of any federal or state market system is the great difficulty in the food problem from the consumer's viewpoint as well as the producer's.

Some New Jersey truck and dairy farmers have tackled the problem with satisfactory results by buying motor trucks and delivering their products to customers direct in the city nearest at hand. It looks as if there might be possibilities in this idea for western farmers, near large towns and cities, who have dairy, poultry or garden truck to sell—anything, in fact, that's eatable.

How a single farmer 90 miles from New York took the problem into his own hands and has made a profitable dealing with consumers direct, is told by Mr. Collingwood in the Rural New Yorker, who says: "He did not get the service he required from the railroads and express companies and a few months ago he bought a 6-ton motor truck. He can make the round trip in a day, giving better satisfaction to his customers and getting a higher price for his vegetables and fruit than if he had to ship them by the usual transportation lines."

Marketing With Motor Trucks.

Monmouth county is on of the best potato districts in New Jersey. Recently a group of farmers formed a co-operative association for the delivery of potatoes to New York by motor trucks. When their agent telephones them that the supply is short and the market price is high, they can send 300 or 400 barrels of potatoes to the city within three or four hours and get a fair price. Under the system of shipping by carloads the farmer seldom knows just what his produce will bring. The city price may be high when the goods are shipped, but when they arrive the market may be over supplied.

These difficulties of transportation and the fluctuating market prices are what the average farmer is up against all the time. You constantly hear of cases where farmers have refused to ship produce to the city, letting it rot or feeding it to the hogs, just because they cannot get anything for it, and yet those very things that are wasting on the farm are selling at advancing prices to the city consumer.

A motor truck service from the farm could bring producer and consumer together for their mutual benefit.

FARM BRIEFS

The cost of producing poultry meat per pound is no more than that of producing beef for mutton. Proper housing reduces cost of production.

Because of the marked immunity of blackberries to crown gall, which may be transmitted to fruit trees, that crop should be preferred to raspberries for orchard interplanting.

To break a horse to stand while getting in the rig, put him into a breaking cart and simply hold him if he rears and falls. When he gets up continue to hold him as if nothing had occurred. Plenty of use is helpful as it takes up the excess energy until habit is overcome.

Keep house plants clean and free from dust. Water thoroughly when the plants need water, rather than a little every day.

Oil-mixed concrete is useful for basement floors, walls, silos, etc., where there is more or less dampness as it resists low water pressures. From five to 10 per cent as much by weight of a special petroleum as of cement is used in the mixture.

RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

A Real American

Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the far west. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him.

Then, with the opening of the great wide West, his genius bloomed.

His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, until his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on, the path of fame lay straight to the high places. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old, he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

The world has asked is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

He was, of all Americans, the most American. Free in soul, and dreaming of high things—brave in the face of trouble—and always ready to laugh. That was Mark Twain.

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to the readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience which will be the most valuable answers.

Value of Silage

The most accurate valuation for silage is expressed in terms of feeds that have market value. Silage consists of corn grain and corn stover. The grain in the silo is worth the same as though it had been put in a crib, and the stover is worth rather more than when dry cured. If the crop ensiled would have yielded 50 bushel to the acre it would have made about two tons of dry stover. The grain at the present time would be worth $40 and the stover $10. Such a crop would make eight to 10 tons of silage. This method of calculation gives a value of $5 to $6 per ton for silage.

In most calculations showing silage to be the most economical feed, it is given a value covering cost of production only, while the commercial value is placed upon the feeds with which it is compared, an entirely misleading comparison. The production cost of hay is usually much below its market price. This is true even this year of low hay prices, on account of the enormous crop. But its feeding value, measured in terms of other feeds, is above its market value. Its actual value to the man who feeds it may be either above or below its market value, depending upon the stock to which it is fed and the price they bring when marketed. The feeding game is more interesting than speculating on a stock exchange. It takes a keener mind.

ORCHARD

Grafting Cherries

The tame cherry cannot be successfully raised on wild stock. Sour and sweet cherries do not make a good union when top-worked on the choke, or the bird-cherry. They blow out; that is, break off at the graft under stress of wind or load of fruit; at least that has been the experience of cherry orchardists east of the Rocky mountains.

Small nursery stock is propagated by budding, but top-working of the cherry is nearly always by cleft grafting, as that is the only method for large branches. The cherry is not as easily grafted as the apple, but can be done successfully with proper care. The best time is when the buds are swelling. All cut surfaces should be thoroughly covered with wax to prevent evaporation. Owing to the nature of cherry bark it is necessary to cut down on each side of the branch before the cleft is made or it will break in a ragged edge.

Pear Psylla

Nicotine and soap are the best materials to use for controlling pear psylla. Use one pint nicotine and four pounds soap to 100 gallons of water. The soap helps to make it stick. Spray in November or December after a spell of cold weather, on a day when the temperature is rising and is about 40 degrees or more. You will then kill many of the psylla which winter in the mature stage.

In spring just before the blossom buds open at the end spray with winter strength lime-sulphur, 1 to 8. By that time the eggs are deposited and are very susceptible to injury. Two applications a year made in this way will hold the psylla in check.

GARDEN

Potatoes From Seed

New varieties of potatoes are originated from seed which is found in the bolls produced on the vines. The seed which is light and fine should be saved in the same manner as the seed from tomatoes.

Cut open the bolls and squeeze out the seeds into a small vessel with as little pulp as possible. Add warm water and allow the mess to ferment for two days so that the little seeds will wash clear from the pulp. After being washed the seeds should be dried, in which condition they will keep through the winter. Anyone who tries to carry the seed boll through the winter will likely lose all the seeds.

Along in March prepare some fine, rich light soil that will hold moisture. Rotten cow manure several years old is better than common soil. The seed may be planted in a hothouse, coldframe or in a box in the kitchen window. It should be covered very slightly with soil and must be kept moist by frequent watering or by covering with a piece of cloth until the seeds begin to break ground.

The plants come up quickly and should be transplanted and handled like tomatoes. They will frequently produce tubers the first year that will weigh a pound. Each seed will produce a distinct variety. Promising new varieties must be grown for several years and tested in the fields alongside of standard sorts for at least two years before their true value can be determined.

Storing Vegetables

While a good fruit cellar is the best place to store vegetables it frequently happens that the fruit cellar does not offer enough room to store all that one has. I have had success in storing cabbage, beets, turnips and potatoes out of doors, says one man. I dig a pit about 15 inches deep and as long and as wide as desired. I line the bottom and sides of the pit with straw. The beets, turnips or potatoes are then placed in the pit and piled up pyramid fashion, until the pile is six or eight inches above the surface of the ground. A covering of straw is then placed over them and the whole covered with six or eight inches of soil. A small trench is dug entirely around the pit to drain away the water.

In storing cabbage the roots are left on. The pit is similar to that used for tubers, and the heads are arranged side by side in the pit with roots up. Several layers are thus placed. The pit is then covered with sufficient earth to hold the frost out. Loose heads, when so stored, will become firm and solid, and make a marketable product. If one is careful to see that no water is permitted to drain into the pit and that the vegetables are covered with sufficient earth to prevent freezing, outside storage will prove successful.

LIVE STOCK

Age of Sheep

At 14 to 18 months of age, depending upon breed and rapidity with which the animal has been developed, the middle pair of incisors are replaced by the permanent teeth. These have a much broader cutting edge than the lamb teeth. In a little less than 12 months later the adjoining pair is replaced by permanent teeth; and in successively shorter periods the next two pairs are replaced. Some highly fed animals will have a full mouth of permanent teeth at 36 or 38 months of age and practically all individuals have the "full mouth" before they are four years old.

All of the permanent teeth have a broad cutting edge when they first appear, compared with the milk teeth. As the sheep grow older the teeth are worn back and hence become narrower. This rate of wearing depends upon the character of grazing upon which the sheep must depend. Western sheep sometimes wear the teeth almost to the gums by six years of age. Again, there is a difference in breeds. The Merinos are longer lived than the English breeds; and a Merino at eight or nine years under like care will show no older mouth than a Down or Longwool at six.

Because of this lack of uniformity in mouths of the same age one must take into account the breed and conditions under which the animal has lived.

Wintering Stockers

Science and good farm practice are being brought into better understood harmony by such experiments as those completed by Dean F. B. Mumford at the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station. Dean Mumford finds, as the results of his tests, that the common practice of feeders buying stockers in the fall is justified by the fact that they are usually from 50 cents to a dollar cheaper then than in the spring following. This difference enables the buyer to winter them in such a way as to secure a fair price for the coarse and otherwise unmarketable roughage used and to build up the fertility of his farm.

The experiences of the college agrees with that of other feeders in indicating that under Missouri conditions cheaper gains can be made by summer feeding on pasture than by full feeding in dry lots during the winter, and that the greatest and most economical gains cannot be secured in summer feeding on pasture unless the cattle are rather thin when put on grass.

Having secured his stockers, the farmer's next question is, "What shall they be fed and how shall they be handled during the winter?" The wide variation in practice indicates a need of more knowledge on this subject.

The most economical ration consisted of corn silage and alfalfa hay. Timothy hay did not prove any more economical than wheat straw for use with corn silage, but the efficiency of a ration of six pounds of shelled corn and clover hay was materially increased by substituting corn and cowpea silage for corn and clover hay.

Banishing Worms

Hogs become infested with worms by taking them up with food and drink. Well-drained, clean lots reduce the opportunity for them to become infested. It is well to keep a good worm preventive before the hogs at all times. Any tested commercial remedy may be used. A successful preparation is made by mixing two parts air-slaked lime, two parts salt, two parts charcoal and one part pulverized copperas.

If the herd is badly infested, feed to each 100 pounds live weight of hog, eight grains santonin and six grains calomel, thoroughly mixed with a thin slop. These drugs can be obtained of most druggists. Let the hogs miss their evening feed and give them this treatment with the morning feed. Repeat it a week later if necessary.

TRAPPING

Setting for Mink

Trapping becomes a profitable occupation with the first fall of snow. Then tracks of many fur-bearing animals can be found in the woods and beside brooks. Muskrat, skunk, fox, raccoon and mink are found in almost all parts of the country.

Mink are in the habit of traveling close to the banks of small brooks. By setting stakes close to the shore, the mink may be forced through a narrower opening in which the trap is placed. Mink will investigate holes in the bank so that bait can be put at the end of a hole and the trap set at the mouth. Fresh meat makes the best bait for mink, although most other animals are better attracted by decayed matter. The skinning should be done as with muskrat.

Trapping Muskrats

Traps for muskrats must be set so that the animal will quickly drown, otherwise they escape. Places for sets are easily found. Where there are signs of the animals set traps in the edge of the water with the bait just beyond and placed on a stick so that the rat will have to pass over the trap or rear on the hind legs to reach the bait. The No. 1 trap is the right size, and bait such as apple, carrot or pumpkin will attract them, especially when green feed is scarce.

When you can find a muskrat house get a long board or plank and lay it on the water from the house to the bank, securing it with a small rope or wire. Nail cleats at intervals on the board, and set a trap every two feet. It is not necessary to bait for this set, since the little animals will use the board as a bridge to and from their house, though it may pay to scatter a few pieces of apple or sweet potato.

When setting at the entrance to dens all the preparation necessary is to make a little hole for the trap and set without bait.

Where the muskrats are plentiful big catches have been made with the box or wire traps. These consist of box or wire netting cage with a door that will swing inward, but not outward, like the box rabbit trap. The open end is placed next to the open burrow and all under water. The animals in emerging from the burrow naturally enter the trap where they are caught or drowned. This is more suitable for very narrow streams or ditches.

Muskrat skins intended for market should be cased and not opened like the skins of larger animals. This is done by slitting from each hind foot to the vent and pulling the whole skin over the head. It is then stretched on a narrow board rounded at one end, and is dried in the shade where there is a free circulation of air.

POULTRY

Curing Roup

The best way to cure roup among poultry is to use a good sharp axe and then bury the carcasses deeply or burn them. Roup may take several forms, appearing at first like a severe cold. Use enough permanganate of potash in the drinking water to give it a rich wine color. Disinfect the yards and houses with a five per cent solution of carbolic acid.

Individual treatment should be the same as for colds or catarrh. Press the nostrils together with the thumb and forefinger and apply pressure between the nostrils and eyes to loosen the discharge. Then plunge the head into a two per cent solution of permanganate of potash for 20 to 30 seconds. This treatment should be continued twice daily until all symptoms disappear.

Selling Poultry

With the high price of grain there is a tendency on the part of many farmers to sell off their poultry. They think it will not pay to feed the high-priced grain to hens. Here is just where they make a big mistake. Eggs have gone up in value also. Some of the dealers, however, have not advanced their prices as much as they should, due partly to the fact that they still follow old practices in buying and selling.

It is a mighty good plan to sell off the surplus cockerels, the late pullets and hens over two years old. Good, sound, yearling hens that have shown some capacity for laying and all well-matured pullets should be kept over The surplus stock can be sold at a profit and the better-class fowls will show larger egg production if given suitable care.

Farmers who sell off all their fowls, thinking they will save a big feed bill and be able to buy young chicks or hatching eggs next spring, may be disappointed. They will find a bigger demand than usual for hatching eggs and chicks and as a consequence may have to wait weeks before their orders are filled.

Feeding Egg Shells

Since it has been discovered that when hens are given free access to all kinds of grain and grit, they will choose that which is needed in egg production, it is not so necessary to look after the grit problem during the summer.

Last winter, says a writer, when feeding hens inside the coops, I always saved and fed the egg shells, browning them before using for feed. It was then the thought occurred to me that I might save the egg shells during the summer for winter use. I knew that during the summer they secured sufficient grit.

This thought resulted in my establishing in the pantry a place to store these shells. I used a large paper sack, (an ordinary flour sack will do,) and after the shells were roasted in a pan on the stove, they were stored in this sack. I now have several pounds of nicely crushed egg shells on hand for this winter. I find that the hens are almost as eager to get them as they are the grains we feed. The roasting of the shells gives them a flavor the hens like and they eat them with great relish and delight.

Indian Runner Duck

This has been aptly styled the Leghorn of the duck family, says a writer. If flesh is desired, there are other more satisfactory breeds, but this is acknowledged as champion for eggs.

The eggs are a third larger than those of the hen, and of fine flavor. The most noticeable difference is that the albumen is thinner.

The Indian Runner will thrive without running water, if it is supplied with drinking water in abundance, and this of sufficient depth to allow it to immerse the entire bill.

It is a splendid ranger, and a foe to all insect life. Especially does it enjoy getting into marshy ground, where it has a chance to fill up on the mosquito larvae or other insect life found in the mud and water.

On the other hand, it is the most easily penned in of all fowls, 18-inch poultry netting proving ample to keep it either in an enclosure or out of the garden.

If the breeding fowls are in healthy condition a hundred per cent hatch is not uncommon. We have always used hens for hatching, placing sod in the bottom of the nest before putting in the eggs, and sprinkling a day or two before due to hatch. Four weeks are required for incubation.

The nests must be ratproof, for this rodent has a special fondness for young duck, even a few days before it emerges from the shell. In fact, any of the poultry enemies appreciate that it is even better than chicken, and will devour the young birds unless they are guarded.

Feeding Poultry

One of the most successful methods of feeding poultry is the one advocated by the Maine Experiment Station, which is briefly as follows: A grain mixture of equal parts by weight of wheat, oats and corn, and a dry mash of a mixture made up as follows: Bran, 200 lbs.; corn meal, 100 lbs.; middlings, 100 lbs.; gluten meal, 100 lbs., and beef scraps, 100 lbs.

The usual method of feeding the grain is to scatter about four quarts of the grain mixture for each 100 hens in the litter at night after the chickens have gone to roost, or early in the morning. The litter should be deep enough to give the hens plenty of exercise. At noon another four quarts should be scattered in the litter.

Aside from the grain and dry mash the chickens should have plenty of green food, which may be furnished either in the form of mangles, cabbages, sprouted oats or cut clover hay. Milk is also a very valuable poultry food, and if furnished daily the amount of beef scraps in the dry mash can be cut down to 50 pounds. It is preferable to feed sour milk, as sweet milk will often sour and cause digestive troubles, and the change from sour milk to sweet, or vice versa will cause trouble.

One of the secrets of successful feeding is to have the chickens go to roost with their crops full and in the morning have them eager for grain. If the chickens are not anxious for the feed, it is an indication that they are getting it too easily or that they are getting too liberal amounts.

DAIRY

The Family Cow

The family cow should be a constant source of cheap, pure and delicious milk, says Clemson Agricultural College of South Carolina. Such may be the case, if a few precautions are taken. It is frequently observed, however, that under the conditions surrounding the family cow only dirty, diseased milk can be produced.

A cow may be suffering from tuberculosis, the worst disease to which she is subject, and still show no signs of it to the proud owner. For the sake of the children who drink this milk, a qualified veterinarian should be called upon to inspect and test each cow every year.

With the assurance of a healthy cow, she should be housed in a clean, well lighted shed and provided with a clean yard in which to exercise. The milk should be drawn into a clean, small-topped milk pail and kept cool until consumed.

Milk sours and spoils because of the bacteria which enter it with dirt from the cow and from pails not thoroughly washed. Keeping these bacteria out of the milk and preventing their growth by keeping the milk cool, are easy and efficient means of procuring the best of milk from the family cow, provided she is free from disease.

Milking Machine Tests

Five years of continuous experiments with milking machines are the basis for a summary of results announced by the South Dakota Station. Altogether seven different makes of machines were tested.

This is, in part, what C. Larsen, who had charge of the work, says concerning their use:

"Before the milking machine is installed, cull out the cows having very uneven quarters, and teats that are extremely small and extremely large. Even though the milking machines have a large range of adaptability in this respect, uniformly shaped udders and teats are advantageous.

"The cows that give only a small amount of milk and habitually release their milk little by little are not best suited for mechanical milking.

"Breed and raise cows that are adapted to mechanical milking by, first, selecting a herd sire that comes from ancestors having good udders and teats and that milk well, or select a tried bull that is known to put good udders and teats on his daughters; secondly, by not raising the daughters of the cows that have abnormally shaped mammary organs and that are known to give down the milk irregularly."

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Bread Riot

Please tell something concerning the bread riot that took place in New York in 1837.—R. G. J., Canton, N. Y.

The bread riot in New York occurred February 13, 1837. On account of the financial policy of President Jackson, wildcat banks sprang up, the currency was inflated, and there was much extravagant speculation. Food was only to be had at very high prices, flour having gone up to $12 per barrel. Also a great fire had burned in New York two years before, destroying nearly 700 business and other buildings, covering about 13 acres in the heart of the city and causing a loss of $20,000,000.

For some time the newspapers supporting Jackson had been denouncing the grain dealers as the cause of the famine prices, several leading commission merchants' names being published. On the day of the riot these papers announced a public meeting for the purpose of causing the lowering of the prices. Several speakers made furious addresses, inflaming the passions of the crowd, and when one of the stores of a commission merchant named Hart, was mentioned as a place where a large quantity of the food was hoarded, the crowd surged toward it.

The police were swept away and beaten, and although two of the three iron doors held, the center one was battered in, and the people began throwing sacks of grain and flour barrels into the street, staving in and tearing open such as did not burst by their own fall. The police again attacked the crowd, but were repelled, and it was not until well in the evening that a body of militia dispersed the mob, which had by that time thrown in the street about 500 barrels of flour and 1,000 bushels of wheat, the most of it relieving no one. Other stores were also broken into and some damage inflicted. The disturbance was attributed to the foreigners, but although the two ringleaders were foreign, four of the eight names signed to the call for the meeting were American, and the natives looked on at the mob without trying to assist the police.

New Thought Movement

Please tell something in this department concerning the New Thought movement.—A. J. O., Escendido, Cal.

New Thought is an idealistic or metaphysical movement in this country, beginning about 20 years ago. It is a direct successor of New England transcendentalism, but is much more practical and democratic. The older idealisms were seclusive, but this one is preached and practiced in everyday life, often assuming the forms of religion and philosophy. The first apostles of New Thought were P. P. Quimby of Portland, Maine, Dr. W. F. Evans, and their immediate disciples.

New Thought asserts the reality of the world and considers it an expression of God, the two being related as cause and effect. The central doctrines of New Thought lie in psychology. They consist in asserting the supremacy of mind over all other energies and in identifying it with the perennial stream of energy which permeates existence at large. Our mind is identical with the supreme mind, it makes us what we are and creates our conditions and environment; by inherent love it overcomes all hatred, malice and sickness; by inherent law it establishes itself as the world's law and by inherent order it rules everywhere.

New Thought is intensely practical. It professes to heal sickness and remove the sting of death. Sickness is error and is cured by right and wholesome thinking, and death is but a transition into another condition. New Thought circles of healing are found in every state of the Union, and in most cities followers of the cult can be found. The cult and its teachings have spread to Canada, England and many places on the continent, especially France and Germany.

In 1903 New Thought convention adopted the following declaration of principles:

1. The New Thought is the new interpretation of universal and eternal truth.

2. God — Universal Spirit, Mind Principle—is omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent.

3. Man is the individual expression of God, possessing inherently and capable of manifesting all the aspects of God.

4. Man unfolds to a continuously expanding consciousness and manifestation of these aspects, through right thinking and right living.

5. The consciousness of harmony is tion of which abide peace of mind and health of body.

6. The essentials of the New Thought are suggested by the words —Unity, Co-operation, Freedom, Brotherhood and Individuality.

Wilson Cabinet

Please name the members of the cabinet of President Wilson.—R. S. S., Nealy Ridge, Va.

The members of President Wilson's cabinet are: Secretary of state, Robert Lansing of New York; secretary of the treasury, William G. McAdoo of New York; attorney general, T. W. Gregory of Texas; secretary of war, Newton D. Baker of Cleveland, O.; postmaster general, A. S. Burleson of Texas; secretary of the navy, Josephus Daniels of North Carolina; secretary of the interior, Franklin K. Lane of California; secretary of agriculture, Professor David M. Houston of St Louis; secretary of commerce, William G. Redfield of New York; secretary of labor, William B. Wilson of Pennsylvania.

Mississippi Delta

I would like to know something about the largest river delta.—J. C. W., Laurelville, Ohio.

Delta is the name originally applied to the triangular alluvial plain in the mouth of the Nile river, from its resemblance to the Greek letter of that name. It was now applied to any deposit of land waste laid down by a river or stream at its mouth in a sea or lake. The greater deltas of the world are those of the Mississippi, Mackenzie, Nile, Po, Ganges, Brahmaputra, Hwang-ho and Lena.

Below the mouth of the Red river the Mississippi river is divided into numerous arms or passes, each of which pursues an independent course to the Gulf of Mexico. Below the point of the separation of the Atchafalaya river and the Mississippi, the region of swampy lands, bayous and creeks is known as the delta. Above this the alluvial plain of the river extends to the Chains, 30 miles above the mouth of the Ohio, and to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where high rocky banks are first met with.

The total length of the plain from the mouth of the Ohio to the gulf is estimated at 500 miles. Its breadth at the upper extremity varies from 30 to 50 miles. The extreme width of the delta is rated at 150 miles, while its average width is probably 90 miles, and its area, 12,300 square miles. The elevation of the bottom lands at Cairo above sea level is about 310 feet, while the slope of the high water from that place to the gulf is from 322 to 0.

These bottom lands are often flooded. To prevent immense loss to farms in flood times levees are built to keep the river in its course. During the floods the water in the delta rises only from a few inches to 10 feet above sea level. The delta protrudes into the Gulf of Mexico far beyond the general coast line, and is slowly but imperceptibly advancing into the gulf by the shoaling caused by the deposition of the sediment brought down the river. This is mostly dispersed by the waves and currents, and distributed over the bottom of the gulf. The river enters the gulf by six channels or passes. Owing to the shifting bars navigation of some of these is difficult. The jetties at the mouth of the South Pass provide a navigable channel about 30 feet deep at all seasons.

Largest Battleships

Please give the name of the largest battleship in the world.—F. P. C., Sayre, Pa.

The United States navy contains the largest battleships, of which the Arizona, now afloat, is one. Others under construction are several hundred tons larger. Here are the names of the largest battleships in the various countries, the number of tons displacement, the speed, number and size of the largest guns:

United States—Arizona, 31,400, 21 knots per hour, 12 14-inch guns; California, 32,000 tons, 21 knots, 12 14-inch guns; Idaho, same; Mississippi, same; Pennsylvania, 31,400 tons, 21 knots, 12 14-inch guns.

England—Tiger, 28,000 tons displacement, 28 knots, eight 13.5-inch guns; Barham, Malaya, Queen Elizabeth, Valiant, Warspite, each 27,500 tons, 25 knots, eight 15-inch guns each.

Germany—Ersatz Worth, "T," Kaiser Friedrich III. and Markgraf, each 28,000 tons, 23 knots, eight 15-inch guns.

Japan—"B," "C," "D," each 30,600 tons, 22 knots, 12 14-inch guns.

Italy—C. Colombo, M. Colonna, F. Morosini, each 30,000 tons, 25 knots, eight 15-inch guns.

Russia—Borodina, Kinburn, Navarin, each 28,000 tons, 26 knots, nine 14-inch guns.

Democratic Platform

I would appreciate it if you would publish the Democratic platform in the campaign of 1912.—W. D. R., Braz, Ala.

The Democratic platform adopted by the Baltimore convention of 1912 declared for a tariff for revenue only criminal features of the anti-trust law. It demanded such additional legislation as would be necessary to crush private monopoly. It denounced as usurpation the efforts of the Republicans to deprive states of their rights and to enlarge powers of federal government. It urged the people to support the two amendments of the constitution providing for an income tax and election of senators by direct vote. It declared for presidential preference primaries. It denounced the Republican administration on charge of extravagance.

The platform favored efficient supervision and rate regulation of railroads, express companies, telegraph and telephone lines; condemned the method of depositing government funds and pledged Democrats to enact a law for the deposit of such funds by competitive bidding in state or national banks. It pledged the party to enactment of legislation to prevent devastation of lower Mississippi valley by floods. It favored national aid regarding post roads; pledged party to an employes' compensation law; favored broadest liberality in administration of land laws; favored encouragement of agriculture and legislation to suppress gambling in agricultural products.

The platform believed in fostering growth of merchant marine; favored reorganization of civil service; recommended law to reform legislation; reaffirmed position against policy of imperialism and colonial exploitation in the Philippines; favored parcel post and extension of rural delivery. It also favored a generous pension policy.

Party Divisions

I would like to know the number of Democrats and Republicans in each of the two houses of congress during President Cleveland's second administration.—C. F. B., Canton, Ill.

The 53rd and 54th congresses existed during the second administration of President Cleveland. In the 53rd congress the senate was composed of 44 Democrats, 38 Republicans and three Independents; the house was composed of 220 Democrats, 126 Republicans and eight Independents. In the 54th congress the senate contained 39 Democrats, 42 Republicans and five Independents; the house had 104 Democrats, 246 Republicans and seven Independents.

James Whitcomb Riley

Will you kindly give a brief sketch of the life of James Whitcomb Riley? —S. M., Belmont, Ohio.

James Whitcomb Riley, the American poet, was born in Greenfield, Ind., 1853, and died July 22, 1916. He attended school during his boyhood. When he left school he became a sign painter. He soon turned strolling player and composed songs and remodeled plays for the company of which he was a member. Later he became an editorial writer on the staff of the Indianapolis Journal. In 1873 he began writing poems and contributing them to Indiana papers. Riley received the sobriquet of The Hoosier Poet through his verses in the Indiana dialect. This work is quite unique in American literature. Riley is not, however, limited to this, but has written with melody and imagination in literary English. His public readings from his books became very popular, especially in the western states.

James Whitcomb Riley is the author of The Old Swimming Hole and 'Leven More Poems, The Boss Girl and Other Sketches; Afterwhile; Old Fashioned Roses; Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury; Rhymes of Childhood; Flying Islands of the Night; Green Fields and Budding Brooks; Armazindy; A Child World; Neighborly Poems; Home Folks; Poems Here at Home; Rubiayat of Doc. Sifers; The Book of Joyous Children; An Old Sweetheart of Mine; Out to Old Aunt Mary's; A Defective Santa Claus; Home Again With Me; The Boys of the Old Glee Club; While the Heart Beats Young; Raggedy Man; Morning (poems;) The Little Orphan Annie Book, and Old Schoolday Romances.

To Silver Mirrors

Please give me a method in these columns for silvering mirrors.—M. W., Union City, Pa.

You can make a mirror from common glass. The process of silvering a mirror is to coat the glass with an amalgam. For this purpose a large perfectly flat stone table is provided; upon it is evenly spread a sheet of tinfoil without a crack or flaw; this is covered uniformly to the depth of one-eighth of an inch with clean mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleansed from all grease and impurity, is floated onto the mercury carefully, so as to exclude all air bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading it with weights, in order to press out all the mercury which remains fluid, which is received in a gutter around the stone. After about 4 hours it is raised gently upon its edge, and in a few weeks is ready to frame. It is desirable to have the lower end of the glass, from which the mercury was drained, at the bottom of the frame.

The following is a good method of silvering a mirror. Pour three drachms of quicksilver to the square foot of foil. Rub smartly with a piece of buckskin until the foil becomes brilliant. Lay the glass upon a table, face downwards, place the foil upon the back, lay a sheet of paper over the foil, and place it on a block of wood or a piece of marble with a perfectly flat surface; put upon it enough weight to press it down tight, and let it remain in that position for a few hours. The foil will adhere to the glass.

U. S. Mints

Can you tell me in what cities the mints of this country are located?—C. E. S., Monterey, Va.

The mints conducted by the United States government are located at New Orleans, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Denver. There is also one at Carson City which is equipped as an assay office.

Miscellaneous

F. K., Salem, Ohio.—Your question concerning motoring is too indefinite to answer in these columns.

W. H. D., Rockport, W. Va.—An explanation of farm loans was published in the issue of September 14.

B. B., Wellford, S. C.—We have no sketch of the life of William Carrigan, ball player.

D. H., Wheeler, Mich.—In Michigan a male must be 18 years old and a female 16 years old to marry. There is no limit established below which a male must get parental consent; the limit on females is 18 years.

R. A. D., Jasper, Mich.—We haven't the address of Ray Harroun.

L. S., W. Va.—Billy Sunday's address is Winona Lake, Ind.

D. H. S., Everett, Pa.—We cannot find mention of the town of Minnesota you mention.

D. B. V., Chase, Mich.—The federal farm loan board at Washington, D. C., has charge of the farm loan associations. The interest charged on loans is 6 per cent and the money is loaned for from 5 to 40 years.

E. M. A., Martin's Ferry, Ohio.—These columns are not for the presentation of arguments or opinions.

W. F., Lebanon Junction, Ky.—The weather prophet, Earl Hicks, is dead.

S. J., Cass City, Mich.—Children of first cousins are third cousins.

T. R. H., Deeth, Nev.—Widows must be 70 years old to get the pension provided for in the latest law.

O. C., Nealy Ridge, Va.—The largest city in the world is New York City.

POURS OLD WINE INTO A HOLE IN THE GROUND

STORM OF CRITICISM AROUSED BY TEMPERANCE ACTION OF ENGLISH COUNTESS.

The action of Rosalind. Countess of Carlisle of England, in pouring away into the ground about 1,500 bottles of wine, as evidence of her strong temperance views, has aroused a storm of criticism in letters to the newspapers in London. The countess is president of the British Women's Temperance Association. She has been a lifelong total abstainer and temperance advocate.

The wine was of old vintage and was stored in the cellars of Castle Howard, the Yorkshire estate of the countess. She inherited the stock, but is said to have kept the cellars sealed for the last 30 years. Recently the wine cellars were opened, a large hole was dug near the countess' mansion and the caretaker poured the contents of the bottles into it.

The countess' action has been criticized on the ground that while it is consistent with her principles, the wine would be very acceptable in military hospitals for the use of convalescing soldiers.

Lack of control, smarting, uric acid, dizziness, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are sometimes the last recognized by patients, who very often content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease may constantly undermine the system.

Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

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HEALTH TALKS

By Donald McCaskey, M. D.

Whooping Cough and Air.

WITH the advance of colder weather, there is one disease which seems to particularly thrive. Certainly it is much more prevalent in cold than in hot weather. This disease is whooping cough, and it is very contagious. It is sometimes known as pertussis, and as the result of its infectious nature, in irritating the nerves of breathing, there are recurrent spasms of coughing with a peculiar "whoop" sound on the end, as the little sufferer endeavors to fill the lungs with air.

The coughing spasms are most pathetic, the little patient oftentimes growing blue in the face, vomiting sometimes, and often involuntarily there is an evacuation of the feces and urine and other actions due to straining. Hemorrhage is rare.

It usually takes whooping cough about two weeks to develop before even the first sign of any fever or symptoms of an acute catarrh of the nose and throat and the lungs are visible much less any sign of a cough. In a week or two, however, after the child shows signs of having taken cold, the characteristic spasm of coughing and whooping begins, and it may recur many times each day. Each whoop is preceded by a deep effort to fill the lungs with air. This is followed by a series of short, rapid coughs in quick succession, the little patient not having time to draw any air into the lungs during the coughing spell.

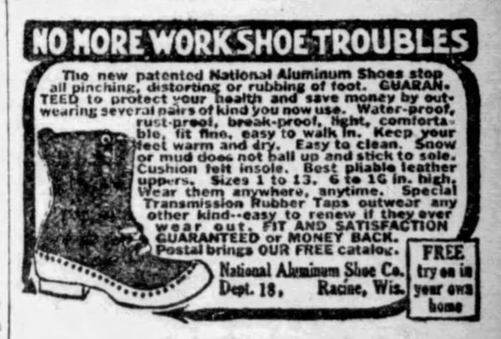
TREMENDOUS VALUE FOR 15c

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29.—An unusual offer is being made by the publishers of the Pathfinder, to send the paper to new readers 13 weeks for 15 cents. This well known national weekly magazine contains all the worth while news of the world, illustrated and presented in a most entertaining manner. It is clean, sincere, nonpartisan, reliable—well printed in large type. It puts everything clearly, fairly and briefly.

Washington is the fountain head of the activities and progress of the day; the Pathfinder is right on the ground —the only big national publication at the seat of government. $1 for a year, or send 15 cents for thirteen weeks' trial subscription to the Pathfinder, 105 Douglas St., Washington, D. C. The 15 cents does not repay them, but they are glad to invest in new friends.

Coal Mining Dangerous.

According to the United States geological survey, the production of coal for 1915 was 518,000,000 tons, so that a fatality rate, based on the production of coal for the year represents one death for each 228,799 tons of coal produced, which is the largest production a fatality during the entire history of coal mining in the United States. The previous figure, which most nearly equals this, was in 1912, when the production each fatality amounted to 220,945 tons.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OUR PEACE PAGE

JERUSHA'S QUEST

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

"Ma, what's these?"

"Hush, Lambie, they're napkins."

"Are they good to eat?"

Company had arrived unexpectedly that day at James Wesson's farmhouse, and, almost simultaneously Lambie and his mother, Jerusha, had appeared at the side door.

The "groaning boards" always set before "comp'ny" in Broom county made not half the appeal to their poorly nourished bodies as did the glimpses of other lives and cities and customs to Jerusha's starved soul And so the kindly folk who were her neighbors never failed to set a place at the company table for "Rooshie and the lad," knowing very well that they would "jes happen to be passin'."

The questions that were always aflame in Jerusha's eyes were turned to ashes in Lambie's dull orbs—for he was "simple"—one of the unanswered interrogations of the universe. Jerusha's spiritual wings were always aquiver, eager to flutter out into the ideal sunshine—to taste the honey in the next flower-cup. Lambie was the very material pin that impaled her to the gray wall of destiny.

Married at 16, because it seemed like a gay adventure, the first year brought her widowhood and—Lambie. The fires of her longing were almost quenched by his sodden dependence.

But today, something of understanding—of a whimsical comraderie, shone from the eyes of the just-arrived guests, James' sister, little Molly, and Jerusha didn't feel nearly so hopeless. If the soft, white hands of Molly had ever done anything harder than to "sew a fine seam," it was because the task was prompted by the loving kindness of her soft, white soul. The world had showered its gifts of wealth and love upon Molly.

There was elfish mischief in the big, brown eyes that danced at Lambie's question. There was tenderness, too, like a soft caress, when the patient answer came: "No, Lambie; eat the chicken 'n gravy 'n biscuit 'n things on y'r plate 'n wipe your hands on the napkin." The village girl caught Molly's comprehending glance and hugged it to her soul. It quickened her to a realization of the beauty of the bowl of cinnamon roses in the center of the table. The satin smoothness of the "best" tablecloth and the clearness of crystal, too, made their first appeal to her senses. She had thought that beauty lay only beyond the hills that shut her in—and here was beauty in accustomed things.

Jerusha's departing footsteps were sped by Molly's invitation to "come again and take me for a walk—I want to see all the pretty, romantic spots." She couldn't just "make out" what Molly meant by "romantic"—sounded kind o' painful like what Granny used to have in her "jints." But she guessed she could find plenty o "pretty" places.

Hadn't she wandered many a time down to where the busy, talkative brook had hollowed a place out, in the shade of the trees and the cool tangle of fern, to rest itself in? She could always dream best of far-away places and peoples here where the brook went to sleep. But she had never thought of it as "pretty" before. Now that she saw it through the shining, nature-loving eyes of little Molly—she knew.

Then followed days and days of tramping in the woods and walking along the "highways green and brown, alluring up and enticing down"—of stepping softly where the brook slumbered or the birds were singing their love songs. Molly's nature stories, told as they explored the hills, were like the kiss of the Prince. They awakened in Jerusha the sleeping sense of beauty which never slumbered again. Just as in the dear old fairy story, when Beauty awakes, all the slumbering vassals, High Thought, High Aim and Striving for Ideals, are quickened into life and action, too.

A few years later, when poor little Lambie crept into the fold from whence no lambs stray, Jerusha hushed the anguished mother-cry of her heart with the knowledge that the tender Shepherd's care would be infinitely better for her boy. A calm beauty that was almost majestic, gradually replaced the old look of discontent in Jerusha's face. Hers came to be the first name called in time of need and the last breathed in thanksgiving by many lips.

Now that she was free to go, she realized that all the world was right here at the foot of her hills—that her own people were just as big or as little, as strong or as weak; had the same problems. That here, as well as anywhere, she could "live in her house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

She was the beloved of all the children. Muddy little boots were constantly clattering up her doorsteps to wipe themselves, in a hurry, on the mat that spelled "WELCOME"—and meant it. For who but "Rooshie" knew just when to watch for the birds coming north again? And Rooshie always guessed what stories were nicest for little girls and boys and read them from the store of books that "Mrs." Molly was always sending. Rooshie just knew everything about her little friends, whether it was green apples or longing for adventure that made them restless and wriggly. Whether she administered peppermint, stories, or listened to their own adventures—the cure was always sure.

Through them Jerusha's own quest for beauty, happiness and adventure was satisfied—the answer is everywhere, if one but have an understanding heart.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Try To:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Old Soldier Writes

Seeing an invitation to the old soldiers to write I thought I would contribute a few lines. I enlisted on Nov. 3, 1861, in Co. G, 20th Ohio infantry, and was discharged on July 15, 1865, at Louisville, Ky. I served in the 17th corps, Army of the Tennessee. I was taken prisoner at Bolivar, Tenn., in 1862, and again at Atlanta, Ga., in 1864.

Since 1872 I have lived in Iowa. There are not many of my regiment in this state. I went to see a member of my company recently whom I had not seen since the war. He is old and crippled and unable to leave home. That is the way with most of us; our ranks are thinning very fast and soon the G. A. R. will be no more. —R. B., Iowa.

High Cost of Living

As the inventions gradually came, new industries constantly sprang up, opening up new fields for labor, with the effect of a slow increase of wages. A great standard was slowly established (based on the money circulation of the country) and all industries and businesses were forced to conform to it. On land and on water, on farms and in workshops a great process which is called the "Survival of the Fittest" fought cost and got the maximum of result with the minimum of expense.

The small boats became larger ones, the wood-burning locomotives became the modern moguls and drew longer and heavier trains, and in all industries bigness of operation was resorted to, to minimize cost.

This great process that regulates or has to do with the slow increase of the price of the necessities of life, regulates the size of boats for different localities or businesses that can be operated at a profit, the kind of locomotives and trains to be used and makes certain standards and methods in business and production an absolute necessity, and in effect limits the number of boat owners, cattle raisers, milk producers, etc., and by so limiting allows but a certain production of the main necessities of life, and a consequent and gradual rise of prices; has been governed by the slow increase and per capita circulation of gold and silver.

Where variety of production and new industries raised wages, through a slow process of generations, and as they did, made standards that allowed but a certain production or doing of business, in conformity with the ("sound") money per capita, and such process allowed or caused prices to rise slowly, legitmately and naturally. Today the operation is reversed, high prices paid for commodities by the nations of Europe (with prices being based on bond issues or paper currency) caused wages to rise and today such artificial standards are the basis of and foundation for present prices and business.—Original Thinker, Pennsylvania.

Suggestions for Meals

In reply to the call of Martha Holden for letters on saving and thrift, I could write volumes on my experience but I will have to make my letter short enough for the Merry-Go-Round. I believe I will begin by sending directions for one day's breakfast, dinner and supper. These meals are wholesome, nourishing and satisfying, though at the present high prices they may be too cheap for the majority of the Blade readers.

For breakfast have pancakes with meat drippings and syrup. The latter may be homemade with sugar and water.

For dinner use any vegetable at hand, homemade light bread and meat prepared as follows: Ten cents' worth of flank beef, run through the chopper, cooked until tender in three pints of water, season and add half of a 10-cent box of noodles 10 or 15 minutes before serving.

For supper have corn bread and Murphy soup. The soup can be made as follows: Pare and chop four or six potatoes and place them in a kettle with three pints of water. Season and boil until just tender. Just before serving break into two or three eggs, stirring up the latter before they begin to cook.

These meals are supposed to be sufficient for a family of five. More simplicity in daily living would make us healthier and happier, as well as wealthier. — Miranda W. Edwards, Iowa.

The Oil Wells

I am going to take time to write that promised letter about the oil field here in West Virginia. Now that the leaves have fallen I can see as many as 15 wells from my dooryard. The company operates over 100 wells in this field where my husband works. Some are good producers, but many are dying down I think. Recently I went to see a well "shot." The shooter placed 30 quarts of nitroglycerine in the well which was 2,000 feet deep. Then he lowered a shot of dynamite with a long fuse attached. I was upon a hilltop about 50 yards from the well and could see the golden green oil as it first began to gush from the casing top.

Soon it mounted above the top of the derrick. Rock and gravel also flew out and fell upon the rig top, and I felt like running farther away. The stones were blue Indian sandstone. My husband works as a pumper. He starts the engines which drive all the machinery that pumps the oil from the well. The oil is first piped into large tanks beside the wells after which it is disposed of by the company.

I, too, am a lover of good books and read everything I find, but prefer works on travel, good fiction and psychology. My favorite writers are Dickens and Scott. I also like Gene Stratton Porter, Marie Thompson Davies, Harold Bell Wright and Gilbert Parker.—Nuisance.

Come again, Nuisance, as your letter is very interesting to those of us who know little about oil wells. Such letters as yours are always welcome. —M. H.

Don't Whip Children

I am an old bachelor and hence know everything about raising children as all old bachelors do. It is a great problem and I want the Peace Page readers to put up with me if I give my views on the subject.

Penalty is one of the most important things in this life. There should and must be a penalty of some sort or those inclined to be either foolish or do evil will bring ruin and woe to themselves and others. But I don't believe in bringing up children "with a dogwood sprout." Very young children do many things without any proper knowledge of wrong. To whip little Bernie or Dot for filching the preserves or sugar, or for tying a cracker to pussy's tail always seems like foolishness to me. The conscience as well as the intelligence of very young children is undeveloped, so whipping inspires fear. A little child is a tender plant and needs careful nursing. Watch springs should never be mended with sledge hammers.

When the child is old enough to comprehend right and wrong, parents should employ a penalty of a higher type. If Johnny plays marbles on Sunday deprive him of some other cherished pleasure such as attending a picnic. This will punish him. If he treats the cat and dog cruelly, let him know he will get no rockets or firecrackers on Christmas. This is less brutal than a hickory withe.

I believe in penitentiaries, but a whipping post in prison is a black disgrace to the very name of civilization and justice. In my eyes the state that allows such punishment is legalizing a crime. Beating men to reform them simply hardens and brutalizes, not only the criminal himself, but the brute who lays on the lash. I also believe in rewards. The parents who will not, in some proper way, train and correct their children, ought to be dealt with by society or else the state should take their children in charge and raise them. It's cheaper than having to contend with the developed criminal later on.—Nemo.

Stiffening Lace

A piece of lace or fine muslin that needs just a little stiffness will turn out better if it is dipped in the water in which rice has been boiled instead of being starched. Iron when nearly dry.

Washing Fluid

A perfect washing fluid is made from one pound of sal soda, one-half pound of unslacked lime and borax the size of an egg, brought to a boil in 14 quarts of water. Settle, pour the clear liquid off in glass jars and use a teacupful to a boiler of water, with a little soap, letting clothes boil five minutes.

The Mother's Best Witness

In a court room sat a mother,
Asking tearfully a name,
For herself and for her children,
And her head was bowed with shame.

"She's unworthy of her children,"
Said the father, with a frown.
"She's a dissipated creature,
She's a woman of the town."

"I am not!" the mother answered,
Springing quickly to her feet;
"Here, before my God, I swear it,
Whom I hope, some day, to meet.'

For a time the judge sat silent,
Scarcely knowing what to do,
Wondering, as he weighed the statement,
Which was false and which was true.

Suddenly his face grew brighter,
And he turned from books away
To the eldest of the children,
With the query, "Can you pray?"

What a question for a court room,
Curious glances everywhere;
With the frankness of child's nature
Lisped she out the dear Lord's prayer.

Hearts were touched and eyes were moistened
Long before that prayer was done,
And the mother's condemnation
Stood as slander—she had won.

Ring Out the Bells for Christmas

Ring out the bells for Christmas,
The happy, happy day,
In winter wild the holy child
Within the cradle lay.

Oh wonderful! the Saviour
Is in a manger lone;
His palace is a stable,
And Mary's arm his throne.

On Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the glory floats,
"Glory to God on high."

Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the lord was born,
And still he comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.

Where'er his sweet lambs gather
Within his gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old.

In each young heart you meet him,
In every guileless face
You see the holy Jesus
Who grew in truth and grace.

Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the newborn son;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one.

And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, his orphan call;
For he who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.

The Gypsy Warning

Trust him not, O gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet,
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Softly pleading at thy feet.
Now thy life is in its morning,
Cloud not this, thy happy lot,
Listen to the gypsy's warning,
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there was a maiden,
Young and pure and like thee, fair,
Then he wooed, he wooed and won her,
Filled her gentle heart with care.
Then he heeded not her weeping,
Nor cared he her life to save;
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping,
In the cold and silent grave.

Take your gold, I do not want it.
Lady, I have prayed for this.
For the hour when I might foil him,
And rob him of expected bliss.
Aye! I see thou art filled with wonder,
At my looks so fierce and wild;
Lady, in the churchyard yonder,
Sleeps the gypsy's only child.

October Bright Blue Weather

By Helen Hunt Jackson.

O sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant.

When gentians roll their fingers tight
To save them from the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning.

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining.

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in te fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing.

When springs run low and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting.

Whel comrades seek sweet country haunts
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boats together,
Love loveth best of all te year
October's bright blue weather.

A few drops of ammonia in a cup of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

The Preacher's Vacation

The old man went to meetin', for the day was bright and fair,
Though his limbs were totterin', and 'twas hard to travel there;
But he hungered for the gospel, and he trudged the weary way
On the road so rough and dusty, neath the summer's burning ray.

By-and-by he reached the building, to to his soul a holy place;
Then he paused and wiped the sweat drops off his thin and wrinkled face;
But he looked around, bewildered, for the old bell did not toll,
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he did not see a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "What deos it mean?"
And he looked this way and that, till it seemed almost a dream;
He had walked the dusty highway—and he breathed a heavy sigh—
Just to go once more to meetin', e'er the summons came to die.

But he saw a little notice tacked upon the meetin' door,
And he limped along to read it, and he read it o'er and o'er;
Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read it o'er again,
Till his limbs began to tremble and his eyes began to pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made his spirit burn!
"Pastor absent on vacation, church is closed till his return."
Then he staggered slowly backward, and he sat him down to think,
For his soul was stirred within him, till he thought his heart would sink.

So he mused along and wondered, to himself soliloquized,
I have lived to almost eighty, and was never so surprised
As I read that oddest notice stickin' on the meetin' door,
"Pastor off on a vacation," never heard the like before.

Why, when I first jined the meetin', very many years ago,
Preacher traveled on the circuit through the heat and through the snow;
If they got their clothes and vittals ('twas but little cash they got),
They said nothin' 'bout vacation, but were happy in their lot.

Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the shepherd leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or provide them food to eat?
So it strikes me very sim'lar when a man of holy hands
Thinks he needs vacation and forsakes his tender lambs.

Did St. Paul get such a notion? Did a Wesley or Knox?
Did they, in the heat of summer, turn away their needy flocks?
Did they shut their meetin' houses, just to go and lounge about?
Why, if they did, Satan certainly would shout.

Do the taverns close their doors, just to take a little rest?
Why 'twould be the height of nonsense and their trade would be distress,
Did you ever know it happen, or hear anybody tell
Satan takin' a vacation, shuttin' up the doors of hell.

And shall preachers of the gospel pack their trunks and go away,
Leavin' saints and dyin' sinners get along as best they may;
Are the souls of saints valued less than sellin' beer,
Or do preachers tire quicker than the mortals here?

Why it is, I cannot answer, but my feelings they are stirred;
Here I've dragged by totterin' footsteps for to hear the gospel word,
But the preacher is a travlin', and the meetin' house is closed,
I confess it's very tryin, hard indeed, to keep composed.

Tell me, when I tread the valley and go up the shining height,
Will I hear no angels singin, will I meet no gleamin' light?
Will the golden harps be silent, will I meet no welcome there?
Why the thought is most distractin'—would be more than I can bear.

Tell me, when I reach the city over on the other shore,
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the golden door?
Tellin' me, 'mid dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn,
"Jesus absent on vacation, heaven closed till his return."

Poems Wanted

Lord Thomas and Boston Burglar, to Manilla Simpkins, Indian Valley, Va.

The Three Warnings.

A Dirge, containing, "But a day is coming fast, Earth, thy mightiest and thy last: It shall come in fear and wonder, Earth to earth and dust to dust."

"Of all the mighty nations in the east or west, this glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best," to J. B. Holt, Rutland, Ohio.

Poem containing, The years go by, and I sit and sigh," to Mrs. C. H. Putnam, Venice Centre, N. Y.

Chicago Conflagration, to Sadie E. Wolfe, Wray, Colo.

The Last Fierce Charge, Texas Ranger, Roving Cowboy, to Bessie Counts, Toms Creek, Va.

Railroad Crossing, to Edna Glendining, Bryant, Ind.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

BOYS AND GIRLS

Our Motto:

All that we do
We do with our might,
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

Largest Orchard

I am going to comply with Martha Holden's request and explain more about the large orchard where I live. It is one of the largest orchards in the entire world. In my other letter I said it was the largest in the United States, but now I claim it is the largest in the world. I may be mistaken, and if I am I want some reader to tell me through this department. Also please give the location of the largest orchard.

This orchard I am referring to covers about 15 square miles. It was planted between three and five years ago and divided into 10-acre lots and sold. There are over 70,000 peach trees and 700,000 apple trees. Three varieties of apples are grown—the Stayman winesap, the Grimes Golden and the Jonathan.

Five hundred men are employed at times in the 76 camps in the orchard. I am working in the horticultural department. We began to prune the apple trees on Oct. 1 and will not get through until the last of April.

Will the boys and girls please send me cards? Some time I will come again and tell more of this orchard.—J. Pressley Crawford, Green Ridge, Maryland.

Come again, I am sure the boys and girls will always be glad to read such interesting letters as you write.—M. H.

Describes Falls.

This is my first attempt to write a letter to the Peace Page, but I wrote because I see but few letters from Alabama, the state in which I live. I am going to tell you something about the beautiful scenery on Sand mountain where I live. About five miles from my home on a creek there are some huge rocks over which the water falls. The water drops over the falls about 50 feet. They have picnics there every year on July 18, the large crowds attending having a nice time. Last summer at this picnic there were some divers who dove from these rocks into the deep water below. I think Sand mountain is one of the most beautiful spots in the state. It is becoming noted for the nice homes, beautiful scenery and good schools.—Albert M. Rains, Grove Oak, Ala.

The Boy Who Drinks.

I am a girl living in the sunny hills of West Virginia. I was interested in your letter, Brownie. Your suggestion is fine. Let us all carry it out and be respected. If we do not go with the boy who drinks he will give up the habit if he thinks anything of the girl. I have some boy friends who drink occasionally, but I do not keep company with them. Keep company only with respectable boys. If the one who escorts you comes to the house intoxicated, turn him down as it is only right to do so. We cannot afford to keep such company.

Let all of us girls work together and not go with the boy who only takes a drink now and then. Let's try to make better boys in our communities, girls. Let's try to win them to God.—Iva Dobbins, Dingy, W. Va.

From Three Girls.

We are three girls living near Amesville, Ohio, who have been silent readers of the Blade for several years. Our ages range from 14 to 16 years. We attend a first grade high school and are having quite a time with geometry and physics. Our schoolhouse is a two-story brick structure, containing three rooms on the second floor for the high school and two rooms on the first floor for the grades. We have a baseball team from the school as well as both a boys' and girls' basketball teams.—School Girls from A. H. S.

SHORT AND SWEET

Ruth Marie Snellenberger, Breckenridge, Mich., is a Peace Page reader.

Opal Willman, Hillsboro, Ohio, has a father who is a blacksmith and a brother who works in a garage.

Ida Hall, Proctor, W. Va., is one of a large family. She has four brothers and four sisters.

Ethel Kille, Chesterville, Ohio, has two flowers growing on stones. She requests cards and letters.

Bettie Irene Evans, Benton, Ky., wants an education like her sister who is now a student in college.

Boys and girls wishing to exchange letters and cards can write to John White, Charleston, W. Va., 146 Avon street.

The address of Wanetta, the Indian girl, is asked for.

Rex Bosworth, Company B, 2nd West Virginia infantry, stationed at San Antonio, Texas, wants letters from the boys and girls to help pass the time away.

Vina E. Jessup, Campbell, N. Y., is a bird lover who has made three bird houses this year. She asks for cards and letters.

Lulu E. Martin, Pedro, Ohio, likes the story, Son of Tarzan. She has a bay colt for a pet.

Lorene Burros, Morrisville, Mo., has to go a mile and a half to get to school.

Ella Burchett, Breading, W. Va., can crochet and would like to exchange patterns with some of the girls.

Nettie Love, Greeneville, Tenn., sent a letter, but lack of space prevents its publication.

Watching the disappearing rays of the sun in the evening is the pastime of Leafy F. Reed, Middlebourne, W. Va.

Cards and letters are asked for by Helen Kile, Candor, N. Y., and Violet I. Wallace, Mariaville, Neb.

Irene Miller, Grey Eagle, Minn., thanks the boys and girls for the nice interesting letters she received. Right now she is busy with school work, but will try to answer them all before long.

Window Box

At this season of the year it is well to prepare a window box for the sunny window inside. It can be placed on a small table or stand and the vines that hang over the sides of the box will soon cover the stand and make a beautiful show. For the edge of the box, red, green, and green and white striped Wandering Jew are desirable for both their habit of quick growth and beauty.

For vines to grow on a trellis, the Thunbergia, in several varieties, and the delicate lavender Maurandia, with its swinging bells, are both lovely, one at each end of the box is sufficient. A slender stick at each end will be sufficient for them to climb on, or if one desires the vines can be allowed to climb the windows, which is a very pretty method of training them. Of course the seeds of these vines must be sown in the box, but they are quick growers.

Mrs. Thompson Pleads For "Made-in-America" Christmas

MRS JAMES M. THOMPSON.

In a call to the members of the Women's National Made in U. S. A. League Mrs. James M. Thompson, daughter of Speaker Champ Clark and national chairman of the organization, pleads for observation of the "America First" rule in Christmas purchases.

"Let us free ourselves from the tyranny of the word imported," says Mrs. Thompson, "and write a Christmas message this year that will be a declaration of industrial independence for this nation."

Mrs. Thompson adds that to observe this rule would be an excellent lesson to the youth of the land, teaching that the first idea of industrial preparedness is to patronize home industries.

A Few Dishes That Are Good to Eat

CHEESE POLENTA—This is salted cornmeal mush cooked for at least an hour, into which is stirred, just before serving, pepper and one cupful of grated cheese.

APPLE SALAD—Mix half cupful celery cubes and half cupful apples cut in cubes, half cupful pecan nut meats chopped, with mayonnaise thoroughly mixed together. Scoop out six large red apples and fill with mixture. Place on top of each one tablespoonful whipped cream, with a maraschino cherry in the center.

TOMATO SAUCE—Turn a can of tomatoes into a sauce pan, add a bit of parsley, a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Heat and stew for half an hour; press through a sieve. Return to the fire and thicken with one tablespoonful of flour, wet with cold water.

DATE PUDDING—Mix together two cupfuls of graham or wheat flour, one cupful of milk, one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a teaspoonful of soda and one heaping cupful of stoned dates, cut fine. Steam in mould for three hours and serve with liquid sauce.

CODFISH BALLS—Mash potatoes to a cream, allow half as much potato as you have fish. Mix and heat; when hot beat in one egg, and salt and pepper to taste. Let paste get cold, make into balls, roll in flour, then brush over with beaten egg, roll in fine bread crumbs, fry in smoking hot fat. Drain and serve.

CREAMED ONIONS—Peel, cover with boiling salt water and boil until tender. Drain, add milk to cover, reheat, season with salt, pepper and one tablespoon butter.

PEACH PUDDING—Sift into a basin two cupfuls flour, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder and pinch of salt. Rub into this two tablespoonfuls butter, add one teaspoonful sugar, two well beaten eggs and two cupfuls milk. Butter some molds, put half a canned peach into the bottom of each, cover with batter, then another peach and so on until the pans are full. Set in a pan of boiling water, bake covered 20 minutes, uncover and bake five minutes longer, turn out onto hot dish.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING—Add two tablespoonfuls sugar to the peach syrup, heating it and stirring in one tablespoonful butter rolled in one tablespoonful flour.

SALMON CROQUETTES—One cupful of canned salmon, one-half cupful of cream sauce, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and a dash of cayenne. Salt as desired. Spread on a plate to cool. Form into croquettes, dip in crumbs, then in egg, then in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat and drain.

APPLE SLUMP—Put sliced apples into a deep kettle, add sugar and a spoonful of butter and cook until the apples are partly tender. Put over them a rich biscuit crust, rolled out two-thirds of an inch thick, cover and let the apples simmer gently for 45 minutes, uncover and place in a hot oven until brown.

To remove fruit stains from the hands wash in clear water, dry slightly and then hold them over a lighted match.

OUR Correspondents

Minnie Horsley, Martinville, Va., is a school teacher who would like to receive letters from other school teachers from the different states.

Gray Eyes of Michigan lives on a hill where she can look through the trees and see Little Traverse bay which opens on Lake Michigan.

Mrs. E. W. P., Iowa, wants a recipe for Philadelphia scrapple.

We are sorry, E. M. D., Indiana, but we do not publish poems written by readers. Our corner is for the republication of well known poems, copies of which are requested.

S. B. W., Tennessee, is a girl who likes to crochet. She writes to the Peace Page for the first time, and we are sure the readers will welcome her.

J. F. Hampton of Missouri tells us that he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary recently. They have lived in the same location for the past 46 years, and have eight children and 24 grandchildren. Mr. Hampton is a Civil war veteran.

Happie Chappie thinks the subject of thrift is a good one for discussion on this page. She has a few ideas on thrift which she will send in. Let us have more thrift letters as this is a subject that is up to date as well as a very serious question.

The address of Fairy of the West, Indiana, is desired by a reader who is very much interested in the collection of old Indian relics.

T. M. B., West Virginia, says some of the women were very much disappointed as the result of woman suffrage amendment being defeated in that state. However, he doesn't believe that the majority of them favored it. He thinks that because of its position on the ballot many voters entirely overlooked it.

Dollie, of Pennsylvania, a mother of four children, is a contributor. She thinks that children can be raised better on a farm than in the city, as there are fewer temptations.

Clara A. Sheets, of Indiana, who is a shut-in herself, would like to have the Peace Page readers give a Christmas letter party to Miss Emily Whitfield, Finleyson, Ga. She is also a poor lonely shut-in.

Clyde Wallace of West Virginia is quors. He thinks that no liquor should be shipped into a prohibition state and decries court decisions which have allowed it in his state. He tells of how he has resisted many temptations to drink, and thinks that the habit leads you to the jail in the end.

In a letter signed "In Loco Parentes," Loving Mother of Oregon is criticized concerning bringing up children. The writer says she cannot accept the argument that the parent or teacher should not administer corporal punishment. She has had 12 years' experience as a school teacher and said she found that in many homes a wholesome amount of corporal chatisement would have been morally and socially beneficial not only to the family, but to the community as well.

Mountain Crank, Virginia, would appreciate if the readers would give her crippled uncle a letter and card party Dec. 8. He is afflicted with infantile paralysis and hasn't walked for 40 years. He is fond of good literature and would like some. His name is Jesse G. Cockran, Woolwine, Virginia.

"I FEEL AT HOME AMONG MEN," INSISTS FIRST CONGRESSWOMAN EVER ELECTED IN AMERICA

"First of all I want to thank my friends in all parts of Montana to whom I am indebted for this honor, which has been thrust upon me," said Miss Jeannette Rankin of Missoula, Mont., congresswoman, recently.

"I'll tell the truth, I didn't expect to be elected when I entered the primaries, but my friends told me I could depend upon the gallantry of Montana men, and that Montana women would support me as a unit. I guess they must have. At any rate, I am informed I am elected, and of course I am highly elated. My opponent was one of Montana's most highly respected newspaper men, a perfect gentleman and a man I respect most highly.

"What do I expect to do? Why, represent the people of Montana, of course. Oh, yes, I shall lose no opportunity to advocate the measure that women of America want and are entitled to have, but I still realize that my first duty is to all the people, and I will do my best. I'll have to make speeches, of course, but this doesn't bother me in the least. Do you know, I have mixed with politicians and political matters so long I feel more at home among men than among women.

"When I want a favor I don't hesitate going to a man, and I am pretty sure of getting it. I don't agree with some of my women contemporaries that men are narrow-minded. If any woman will simply place herself on the same level as the man she is approaching and say: 'Say, old man, I want this or that because it is right and proper,' she is pretty sure to get it.

"Montana men are all right. They are liberal, generous and just. Democrats and Republicans alike voted for me. When I was campaigning everywhere I went I was received with courtesy. The women, however, elected me. They worked like faithful soldiers and my appreciation to them cannot be expressed in words.

"For eight years I've been fighting for suffrage and I am mighty thankful I can go to congress and say: 'The men of Montana have given women the vote. Why should not you?'

"Montana men are big-hearted, alive, red-blooded and real manly men. Eastern men should not be ashamed to follow in their footsteps.

"In Silver Bow county we have 20,000 miners working under ground. Every day they take their lives in their hands. We have the greatest number of cowboys of any state in the union, and our men are men out of doors, hardy specimens, and yet they are perfectly willing to trust their legislation in the hands of a woman.

"I do not know just how I'll stand on many questions, but I will take consideration on each question as it comes up. I will vote for the best interests of Montana and America, and it goes without saying that I am pledged to no interest or party contrary to the best interests of the country which I shall represent."

Miss Rankin was born on a ranch near Missoula and was reared there. She was graduated from the University of Montana, and ever since has been busy with school teaching and campaigning. She was in the front rank in the famous woman suffrage parade in Washington in 1904, and always has worked tooth and nail for the rights of the feminine residents of Uncle Sam's empire. Incidentally Miss Rankin is a "bachelor woman," but this is a matter of choice with her.

She has been so interested in her campaigns and so successful that the campaign of any special man has never carried any special significance with her. Her father was a lumber and ranch man, and on occasions Miss Rankin has prepared meals for large crews of hungry men. She has made her own hats, is entirely independent of the enslaving fashions and if she has always appeared chic and dainty it is because of her highly admirable individual taste. Thoroughly domestic, Miss Rankin might have married long ago. She says she simply adores babies and is extremely fond of "home life," but she has been so busy in politics that she has not had time to consider matters of romance.

Dry, Hoarse or Painful Coughs Quickly Ended

Home-Made Remedy that Saves You $2—Does the Work Thoroughly.

The prompt and positive action of this simple, inexpensive home-made remedy in quickly healing the inflamed or swollen membranes of the throat, chest or bronchial tubes, and breaking up tight coughs, has caused it to be used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. You then have a full pint—a family supply—of a much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacol and is known the world over for its promptness, ease and certainty in overcoming stubborn coughs and chest colds.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., 214 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

FOOD EMBARGO UP TO CONGRESS

Representative Fitzgerald Says He Will Force Vote on Proposed Measure.

Congress in December will have to fight out the question of an embargo on foodstuffs consigned to Europe.

Representative Fitzgerald of New York, chairman of the house appropriations committee, last week announced he would introduce an embargo measure covering foodstuffs when congress convenes.

He said an embargo offers the only effective way of striking back at Great Britain because of her "indefensible blacklisting" of American business firms, and would also reduce the cost of living in the United States.

Blow at Great Britain.

"Two reasons chiefly impel me to favor embargo legislation on foodstuffs," said Mr. Fitzgerald. "It is the most effective weapon in our controversy with Great Britain over her unwarranted, outrageous and indefensible blacklist of American merchants. As our foodstuffs are needed abroad, an embargo will be more effective than weary months of diplomatic negotiations which end in the continuance of the indefensible practices against our rights.

"The embargo should also be imposed for purely domestic reasons. The prices of foodstuffs have reached levels that are bringing widespread distress to the country. Many hundreds of thousands of our people are suffering from the lack of the necessities of life. Wholesale prices in many commodities are less abroad today than they were a year ago; here the retail prices have advanced alarmingly.

Wilson Opposes Plan.

"The arguments that nothing should be done to interfere with the expansion of our foreign trade does not impress me. Of what profit is it if our foreign trade is to grow with leaps and bounds while our own people are brought to the verge of starvation as a result of it.

"The time is ripe for the embargo and I hope to see legislation speedily enacted to impose it. Let America be for Americans first."

The cargo proposal is backed by monster petitions signed by thousands of persons and organizations.

President Wilson and the cabinet are understood to bppose it.

BRYAN QUITS ECONOMICS TO STUDY MORAL ISSUES

SAYS HE EXPECTS QUICKER AND MORE SATISFACTORY RESULTS FROM LATTER.

William Jennings Bryan has given up attempting to solve economic problems and hereafter will devote himself to moral issues, he declared in an address before the New York Rotary club. The tariff, he said, was discussed a hundred years before he took it up "with all the zeal of a young man," and probably would be discussed for another hundred years, but as to the moral question, when that is "settled it stays settled, and so I expect quicker and more satisfactory results from my efforts."

BRILLIANT SUFFRAGETTE LEADER IS NOW DEAD

Mrs. Inez Milholland-Boissevain died on Nov. 25 in a Los Angeles hospital after a valiant fight for life. She was a noted suffrage leader who became ill while on a tour throughout this country in the interests of woman suffrage. It was believed that she was on the road to recovery last week. Blood transfusions from her sister and husband were made in a vain effort to prevent her death.

HIS FRIEND HURT; HE HELPED HIM

Injured Man Laughed When Simple Treatment Was Suggested, But He Thanked His Comrade Later.

Once upon a time word came to Henry A. Voehl, of Plainfield, N. J., that a close friend had been injured, and full of anxiety he visited the afflicted man, who was suffering from a sprained ankle.

"It was so bad that the leg had turned black," said Mr. Voehl in relating the story. "I told him I would have him out in a week and he laughed at me. But I took him a bottle of Sloan's Liniment, that night he put some on and noticed the ankle felt better. I told him to use it every day, and in three days his ankle was practically well. In four days he was working. He gladly admits that Sloan's Liniment "put him on his feet."

Sloan's Liniment can be obtained at all drug stores, 25c, 50c, and $1.00.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep After Cuticura

It's really wonderful how quickly a hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment relieves itching, burning eczemas, rashes and chafings, permits sleep for infant and rest for mother, and points to speedy healment in most cases when it seems nothing would do any good. This is only one of the many things Cuticura does for the skin. Use them for every-day toilet purposes and have a clear skin, clean scalp, good hair and soft hands. Samples free by return mail for the asking. Address postcard: **"Cuticura," Dept. 15F, Boston.** Sold everywhere.

DEUTSCHLAND IS AGAIN ON OCEAN

Merchant Submarine Gets Away Successfully for Voyage Across Atlantic.

The Deutschland started on her return voyage last week.

The Deutschland left at 2:20 p. m. on Nov. 21 from New London, Conn. She was flying her flags and the crew was all on deck as she passed down the harbor. One of the Scott Co.'s tugs was at the pier when she started, but the undersea craft had no need of assistance. The tug followed her down the river.

This was the second start of the Deutschland for home from that port. The first was made early on Nov. 17, when under convoy of the tugs T. A. Scott, jr., and Cassie, she slipped quietly out of her berth and down the river. Off Race Rock light, however, she rammed and sank the T. A. Scott, jr., with its crew and had to return to her berth for repairs.

A bond for $12,000 covering the libel brought by the T. A. Scott Co. against the Deutschland for the sinking of the tug T. A. Scott, jr., has been filed in the United States court. It was signed by A. Schumaker & Co. of Baltimore, American agents for the German owners of the submarine. This released the Deutschland from federal detention and permitted its departure. A hearing is set for December 4 in the federal court in New London.

Exaggerates Death Report

Eleven-year-old George Cutwater walked in on his weeping family in Jersey City, N. J., and denied that a body in the morgue was his.

BOOST WAGE OF STEEL EMPLOYES

U. S. Steel Corporation Makes Advance Adding $20,000,000 to the Payroll.

The United States Steel Corporation on Nov. 21 announced an increase of 10 per cent in the wages of the employes of its steel and iron companies, effective December 15, next. Wage and salary advances in other departments of the corporation also will be equitably adjusted, it was stated.

The increase affects, in all, about 200,000 employes, and probably adds nearly $20,000,000 to the corporation's payroll.

"Ordinarily the question of wages would not come up for consideration or decision at this time of the year," said Chairman Elbert H. Gary, in making the announcement, but in consequence of the abnormal conditions now existing, it has been decided to increase the wage rates of our iron and steel companies about 10 per cent, to take effect December 15. As to other departments, increases will be equitably proportioned.

"All salaries and wages paid to the companies' 191,126 employes in 1915 aggregated $176,800,864. Since that time the number of employes has greatly increased and several wage advances have been made. It is estimated the payroll of the steel corporation at this time is between $190,000,000 and $200,000,000, which implies an increase of approximately $20,000,000 under the higher rate of pay.

"The average wage or salary per employe in 1915 was $2.92 a day, an increase of four cents daily over the previous year. The advance to take effect in December will raise the average of wages and salaries to the highest level in the history of the corporation."

VILLA BANDITS REPULSED BY CARRANZA TROOPS

Though Villa troops have made several attacks on Chihuahua City last week Carranza troops succeded in repulsing them. The attacking forces suffered heavy losses. General Julio Acosta, one of Villa's commanders, and Abdres Sada, his secretary, were killed in one of the engagements. After one engagement Villa's automobile was found abandoned after being struck by shell fire from the de facto forces.

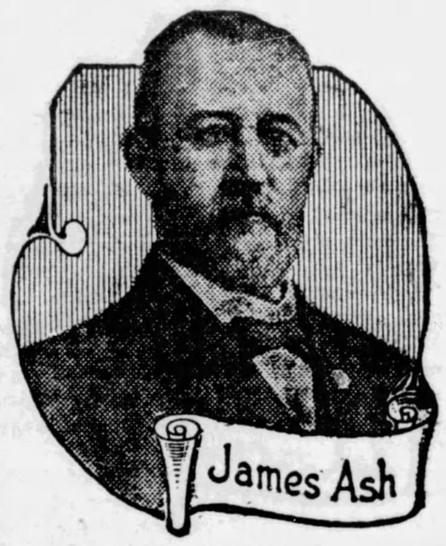
In the battle of Nov. 24, the most desperate fighting occurred on Zarco avenue within the city. The bandits threw their best equipped forces against the entrenchments which had been thrown up across this street, and street fighting followed.

The Villa forces made every possible effort to take these entrenchments, which were the key to the defenses of the city proper.

The de facto infantry met these charges with counter-charges and the battle waged back and forth in this narrow street until the Villa bandits were driven out of the mouth of the avenue onto the plains, where they were raked with much gun fire from the housetops and the artillery fire which had supported effectively the infantry efforts.

Simple Laxative Remedy Best for Constipation

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Gave Satisfaction When Nothing Else Would.



Nearly every one, at one time or another, suffers from constipation, or inactive bowels, and one of the few conclusions upon which the doctors agree is that regularity of the bowels is an essential to good health.

In the family medicine chest of most well-ordered households will be found one or more of the various remedies recommended for the relief of constipation. In the majority of homes today the combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is recognized as the standard laxative. Druggists everywhere report a constantly increasing demand for this splendid remedy which is sold for fifty cents a bottle.

Mr. James Ash, 102 Green St., Cumberland, Md., wrote to Dr. Caldwell that he found Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin the most effective remedy for constipation he had ever used and that he always kept a bottle of it on hand for use when necessary.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a mild laxative, and does not gripe or strain, but acts gently and brings relief in an easy, natural manner. Its freedom from opiates or narcotic drugs makes it the ideal family laxative.

To avoid imitations and ineffective substitutes be sure you get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. See that a facsimile of Dr. Caldwell's signature and his portrait appear on the yellow carton in which the bottle is packed. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 423 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois, for whom this advertisement is published.

PRESIDENT WILSON GETS HUGHES' CONGRATULATIONS

Charles E. Hughes, Nov. 22, telegraphed his congratulations to President Wilson on his re-election. The message read:

The President,
The White House, Washington, D. C.

Because of the closeness of the vote, I have awaited the official count in California, and now that it has been virtually completed, permit me to extend to you my congraatulations upon your re-election. I desire also to express my best wishes for a most successful administration.

"Much Obliged," Says Wilson.

President Wilson sent a telegram to Charles E. Hughes, acknowledging his message of congratulations. The President's telegram said:

"I am sincerely obliged to you for your message of congratulations. Allow me to assure you of my good wishes for the years to come."

John M. Parker, Progressive nominee for vice president, also made public a letter from President Wilson expressing appreciation of Mr. Parker's support during the recent campaign. The letter read:

"My dear Mr. Parker: Now that the campaign is over may I not tell you how my admiration has been excited by your course of action, a course marked by principle, self-respect, generosity and a high sense of public duty? I hope that it will be possible for me sometime to express in person my warm feeling of admiration aand appreciation.

"Cordially and sincerely yours.
"WOODROW WILSON."

Mr. Parker said it was the first communication of any kind, either directly or indirectly, he has had with the President since he introduced Mr. Wilson at a meeting of the Southern Commercial congress several years ago.

Slang of Seasoned Soldiers Is Bewildering to Rookies

Army slang is in a class by itself. Not even the picturesque argot of baseball surpasses it in originality and that quality known as the "punch."

Pass a group of soldiers eating dinner in the open air at the various regimental camps that encircle headquarters on the border and this is probably the "conversation" that would be heard:

"Slide the grease this way, pal."

"All right; gimme a hunk of the punk."

Another busy eater says to the cook: "I'll take some more of the slum."

"A little more Java for me," requests another.

"Got any wireless left?" queries a third.

The vocabulary expert would be gasping for breath before he finished trying to figure out what it was all about. Here is a brief list of some of the slang used by the American soldier wherever he may be:

Grease—butter.
Punk—bread.
Slum—stew.
Java—coffee.
Wireless—macaroni.
Goldfish—salmon.
Chew—food of any sort.
Kitchen cops—soldiers working in the kitchen and mess hall.
Dog-robbers—men who serve officers as strikers or servants.
Shave-tail—second lieutenant.
Slum-slinger—cook.
Punk-slicer—the man who cuts the bread.
Lance-jack—lance corporal.
Pill-roller—a hospital corps soldier.
Wagon-soldier—artilleryman.
Horse chambermaid—a soldier assigned to duty cleaning stables.
Mud-splasher—infantryman.
Doughboy—the same.
Orderly—A soldier who borrows clothes from his comrades.
Pen-pusher—a regimental or company clerk.
A beat—a soldier who continually dodges work.
Mitt-flopper—a private who tries to ingratiate himself with his first sergeant.
Busted—Stripes taken from noncommissioned officers by order of a court martial.
Six-sixty—a sentence of six months in prison and forfeit of $60 pay.

LINCOLN "TOOK TO WOODS" ON DAY SET FOR WEDDING; FINALLY WAS CORRALLED

Abraham Lincoln's first love, Anne Rutledge, died, says Washington Post. He mourned her deeply, and the look of melancholy stamped on his face during those black days of grief never wholly left it. Yet two years later he was courting another girl, Mary Owens. Miss Owens rejected him, writing later as her reason, "Mr. Lincoln seemed to me deficient in those little links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness."

After another two years he met Mary Todd. Miss Todd was a pretty, vivacious Kentucky girl, of good family and with a spitfire temper. She came to live with her sister in Springfield, Ill., where Lincoln was practicing law. She had many suitors, among them Stephen A. Douglas, who later was Lincoln's bitterest political foe, and James Shields, who afterward became a United States senator and a Civil war veteran.

Miss Todd tried to be funny in print at Shields' expense. Shields hotly resented this. Lincoln, to protect Miss Todd, took on himself the blame. Shields challenged him to mortal combat. Lincoln accepted the challenge and chose cavalry sabres as weapons. Arrived at the dueling ground, he amused himself by lopping off tree limbs with his saber. Shields viewed this exhibition of great strength for a moment, then consented to be "talked out" of fighting.

Objections to Lincoln.

Lincoln's act of chivalry in this affair appealed strongly to Miss Todd. She and her champion became engaged. Her family bitterly opposed the match, saying that Lincoln was poor, uncouth and of humble birth and that he seemed to have no future. She is reported to have replied to these objections:

"His heart is as large as his arms are long, and some day I shall land him in the White House."

The marriage was scheduled for January, 1841. Lincoln, as the time drew near, began to look forward with dread to the eventful day. Perhaps Miss Todd's hot temper frightened him. Perhaps the memory of gentle Anne Rutledge was still strong in him. Once he caused Miss Todd to fly into a rage by referring to the marriage date as "that fateful first of January."

When the wedding day arrived the bridegroom was missing. Miss Todd, the clergyman and the wedding guests waited in vain. Lincoln was nowhere to be found. He had, literally, "taken to the woods." Unable to bring himself to marry Miss Todd, he had bolted. For days even his best friends could not find him. And for months afterward he was plunged into so deep a remorse and misery that it was feared he would try to kill himself. Hearing of Miss Todd's chagrin over his behavior in running away, he said:

"The thought that I made her unhappy kills my soul."

Little by little certain matchmaking friends patched up a reconciliation between the former lovers. And on Nov. 4, 1842, Lincoln and Miss Todd were married. They did not fix on a date for the wedding until the very day it occurred.

Reluctant to Wed.

And again Lincoln's heart misgave him, but this time his friends gave him no chance to escape, even had he wished to do so. As he started for the house where the marriage was to take place a street boy chanced to meet him. Seeing that the bridegroom was clad in Sunday clothes on a week day, the boy asked:

"Where are you going, Mr. Lincoln, all dressed up like that?"

"To hell, I'm afraid," groaned Lincoln, as he passed on to the wedding.

A witness to the ceremony wrote that Lincoln "stood before the clergyman as pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter."

The young couple were wretchedly poor. They went to live at a local tavern, where the board for both was $4 a week. When Lincoln began to make more money they moved into a house of their own and kept a servant. At least, they hired many servants in rapid succession. They could keep none, because Mrs. Lincoln's temper drove them all away.

Yet, though she often made him wretchedly unhappy, Mrs. Lincoln was devoted to her husband, and he returned her love. When he received news of his election to the presidency he started at once for home, saying:

"There's a little woman down at our house who'll be more interested in hearing this than I am."

I Recommend Peruna To All Sufferers Of Catarrh---

I Do Not Think I Ever Felt Much Better

Mrs. William H. Hinchcliffe, No. 20 Myrtle St., Beverly, Mass., writes: "I have taken four bottles of Peruna and I can say that it has done me a great deal of good for catarrh of the head and throat. I recommend Peruna to all sufferers with catarrh. I do not think I ever felt much better. **I am really surprised at the work I can do. I do not think too much praise can be said for Peruna."**

Our booklet, telling you how to keep well, free to all.

Those who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna Tablets.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Toledo Weekly Blade.